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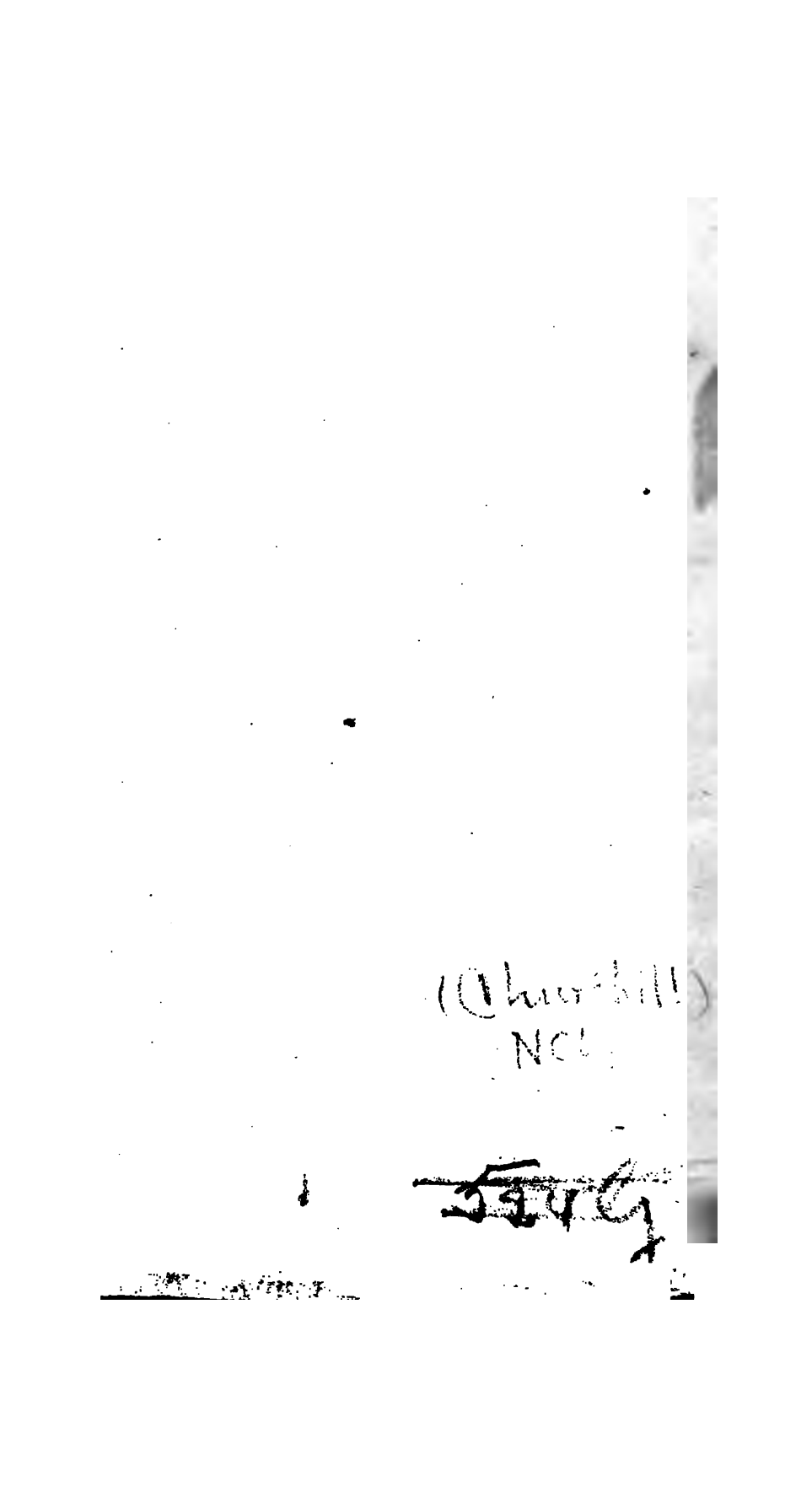

THE

WORKS

OF

C. CHURCHILL.

VOL. I.

[redacted]

THE WORKS OF C. CHURCHILL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

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[redacted]

THE

ROSCIAD.

ROSCIUS deceas'd, each high aſpiring Play'r
Puſh'd all his int'reſt for the vacant chair.
The buſkin'd Heroes of the mimic ſtage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;
The monarch quits his throne, and condeſcends
Humbly to court the favour of his friends;
For pity's ſake tells undeſerv'd miſhaps,
And, their applauſe to gain, recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
To win the mob, a ſuppliant's form aſſume,

In pompous ſtrain fight o'er th' extinguiſh'd war,
And ſhew where honour bled in ev'ry ſcar.

But though bare Merit might in Rome appear
The ſtrongeſt plea for favour, 'tis not here;
We form our judgment in another way;
And they will beſt ſucceed, who beſt can pay:
Thoſe, who would gain the votes of Britiſh tribes,
Muſt add to force of Merit, force of bribes.

What can an actor give? in ev'ry age
Caſh hath been rudely baniſh'd from the ſtage;
Monarchs themſelves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
Appear as often as their image there:
They can't, like candidate for other ſeat,
Pour ſeas of wine, and mountains raiſe of meat.
Wine! they could bribe you with the world as ſoon,
And of roaſt beef, they only know the tune:
But what they have they give; could CLIVE do more,
Though for each million he had brought home four?

SHUTER keeps open houſe at Southwark fair,
And hopes the friends of humour will be there;

In Smithfield, YATES prepares the rival treat
For thoſe who laughter love, inſtead of meat;
FOOTE, at Old Houſe, for even FOOTE will be,
In ſelf-conceit, an actor, bribes with tea;
Which WILKINSON at ſecond-hand receives,
And at the New, pours water on the leaves.

The town divided, each runs ſev'ral ways,
As paſſion, humour, int'reſt, party ſways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dreſs well choſen, or a patch miſplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create diſtaſte.

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder SHUTER's praiſes,—he's ſo *droll*;
Embox'd, the ladies muſt have ſomething ſmart,
PALMER! Oh! PALMER tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf, with aching eyes,
Looks up, and vows that BARRY's out of ſize;
Whilſt to ſix feet the vig'rous ſtripling grown,
Declares that GARRICK is another COAN.

When place of judgment is by whim ſupply'd,
And our opinions have their riſe in pride;
When, in diſcourſing on each mimic elf,
We praiſe and cenſure with an eye to ſelf;
All muſt meet friends, and ACKMAN bids as fair
In ſuch a court, as GARRICK, for the chair.

At length agreed, all ſquabbles to decide,
By ſome one judge the cauſe was to be try'd;
But this their ſquabbles *did* afreſh renew,
Who ſhould be judge in ſuch a trial:—Who?

For JOHNSON ſome, but JOHNSON, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave; and STERNE too gay appear'd;
Others for FRANCKLIN voted: but 'twas known,
He ſicken'd at all triumphs but his own;
For COLMAN many, but the peeviſh tongue
Of prudent Age found out that he was Young.
For MURPHY ſome few *pilf'ring* wits declar'd,
Whilſt FOLLY clapp'd her hands, and WISDOM ſtar'd

To miſchief train'd, e'en from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom,

Adoptin

Adopting arts, by which gay villains riſe,
And reach the heights, which honeſt men deſpiſe;
Mute at the bar, and in the ſenate loud,
Dull 'mongſt the dulleſt, proudeſt of the proud;
A pert, prim, Prater of the *northern* race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,
Stood forth,—and thrice he wav'd his lilly hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his tye—thrice ſtrok'd his band—

" At Friendſhip's call (thus oft with trait'rous aim,
Men, void of faith, uſurp faith's ſacred name)
" At Friendſhip's call I come, by MURPHY ſent,
" Who thus by me *developes* his intent.
" But leſt, *transfus'd*, the Spirit ſhould be loſt,
" That Spirit which in ſtorms of *Rhet'ric* toſt,
" Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,
" In his own words his own intentions hear.

" Thanks to my friends.—But to vile fortunes born,
" No robes of fur theſe ſhoulders muſt adorn.
" Vain your applauſe, no aid from thence I draw;
" Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law?
" Twice (curs'd rememb'rance!) twice I ſtrove to gain
" Admittance 'mongſt the law-inſtructed train,

" Who, in the TEMPLE and GRAY'S-INN, prepare
" For client's wretched feet the legal ſnare;
" Deaf to thoſe arts, which poliſh and refine,
" Deaf to all worth, becauſe that worth was *Mine*,
" Twice did thoſe blockheads ſtartle at my name,
" And ſoul rejection gave me up to ſhame.
" To laws and lawyers then I bad adieu,
" And plans of far more lib'ral note purſue.
" Who will may be a Judge—my kindling breaſt
" Burns for that Chair which ROSCIUS once poſſeſs'd.
" *Here* give your votes, your int'reſt *here* exert,
" And let Succeſs for *once* attend Deſert."

With ſleek appearance, and with ambling pace,
And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,
The Proteus HILL put in his *modeſt* plea,—
" Let Favour ſpeak for others, Worth for me."—
For who, like him, his various powers could call
Into ſo many ſhapes, and ſhine in all?
Who could ſo nobly grace the motley liſt,
Actor, *Inſpector*, *Doctor*, *Botaniſt*?
Knows any one ſo well—ſure no one knows,—
At once to *play*, *preſcribe*, *compound*, *compoſe*?

Who

Who can—But WOODWARD came,—HILL ſlipp'd away,
Melting, like ghoſts, before the riſing day.

With that *low* CUNNING, which in fools ſupplies,
And amply too, the place of being wiſe,
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the Blockhead for a Knave;
With that *ſmooth* FALSHOOD, whoſe appearance charms,
And reaſon of each wholſome doubt diſarms,
Which to the loweſt depths of guile deſcends,
By vileſt means purſues the vileſt ends,
Wears Friendſhip's maſk for purpoſes of ſpite,
Fawns in the day, and Butchers in the night;
With that *malignant* ENVY, which turns pale,
And ſickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and ſucceſs purſues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the *cold* CAUTION of a coward's ſpleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always ſeeks a ſcreen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's *baſely* done, ſhould be done *ſafely* too;
With that *dull*, *rooted*, *callous* IMPUDENCE,
Which, dead to ſhame, and ev'ry nicer ſenſe,

Ne'er bluſh'd, unleſs, in ſpreading VICE's ſnares,
She blunder'd on ſome virtue *unawares*;
With all theſe bleſſings, which we ſeldom find
Laviſh'd by Nature on *one* happy mind,
A Motley Figure, of the FRIBBLE Tribe,
Which Heart can ſcarce conceive, or pen deſcribe,
Came *ſimp'ring* on; to aſcertain whoſe ſex
Twelve, ſage, *impaneil'd* Matrons would perplex.
Nor *Male*, nor *Female*; *Neither*, and yet both;
Of *Neuter* Gender, tho' of *Iriſh* growth;
A ſix-foot ſuckling, mincing in *Its* gait;
Affected, peeviſh, prim, and delicate;
Fearful *It* ſeem'd, tho' of Athletic make,
Leſt *brutal breezes* ſhould too roughly ſhake
Its tender form, and *ſavage* motion ſpread,
O'er *Its* pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.

Much did *It* talk, in *Its* own *pretty* phraſe,
Of Genius and of Taſte, of Play'rs and Plays;
Much too of writings, which *Itſelf* had wrote,
Of ſpecial merit, tho' of little note;
For Fate, in a ſtrange humour, had decreed
That what *It* wrote, none but *Itſelf* ſhould read;

Much

Much too *It* chatter'd of *Dramatic* Laws,
Misjudging Critics, and miſplac'd applauſe,
Then, with a ſelf-complacent jutting air,
It ſmil'd, It ſmirk'd, It wriggled to the chair;
And, with an aukward briſkneſs not *its* own,
Looking around, and *perking* on the throne,
Triumphant ſeem'd, when that ſtrange ſavage Dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain COMMON SENSE appear'd, by Nature there
Appointed, with plain TRUTH, to guard the chair.
The Pageant ſaw, and blaſted with her frown,
To *Its* firſt ſtate of Nothing melted down.

Nor ſhall the MUSE (for even there the pride
Of this *vain Nothing* ſhall be mortified)
Nor ſhall the MUSE (ſhould Fate ordain her rimes,
Fond, pleaſing thought! to live in after-times)
With ſuch a Trifler's name her pages blot;
Known be the Character, the *Thing* forgot;
Let *It*, to diſappoint each future aim,
Live without Sex, and die without a name!

Cold-blooded critics, by enervate fires
Scarce hammer'd out, when Nature's feeble fires

Glimmer'd

Glimmer'd their laſt; whoſe ſluggiſh blood, half froze,
Creeps lab'ring thro' the veins; whoſe heart ne'er glows
With fancy-kindled heat:—A ſervile-race,
Who, in mere want of fault, all merit place;
Who blind obedience pay to ancient ſchools,
Bigots to Greece, and ſlaves to muſty rules;
With ſolemn conſequence declar'd that none
Could judge that cauſe but SOPHOCLES alone.
Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
Obſequious to the ſacred dictate, bow'd.

When, from amidſt the throng, a Youth ſtood forth,
Unknown his perſon, not unknown his worth;
His look beſpoke applauſe; alone he ſtood,
Alone he ſtemm'd the mighty critic flood.
He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
Who priz'd our own, but envied not their fame;
With noble rev'rence ſpoke of Greece and Rome,
And ſcorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.

" But more than juſt to other countries grown,
" Muſt we turn baſe apoſtates to our own?
" Where do theſe words of Greece and Rome excel,
" That England may not pleaſe the ear as well?

" What

" What mighty magic's in the place or air,
" That all perfection needs muſt centre there?
" In ſtates, let ſtrangers blindly be preferr'd;
" In ſtate of letters, Merit ſhould be heard.
" Genius is of no country, her pure ray
" Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day;
" Foe to reſtraint, from place to place ſhe flies,
" And may hereafter e'en in Holland riſe.
" May not (to give a pleaſing fancy ſcope,
" And chear a patriot heart with patriot hope)
" May not ſome great extenſive genius raiſe
" The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praiſe;
" And, whilſt brave thirſt of fame his boſom warms,
" Make England great in Letters as in Arms?
" There may—there hath—and SHAKESPEARE's muſe aſpires
" Beyond the reach of Greece; with native fires
" Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
" Whilſt SOPHOCLES below ſtands trembling at his height.

" Why ſhould we then abroad for judges roam,
" When abler judges we may find at home?
" Happy in tragic and in comic pow'rs,
" Have we not SHAKESPEARE?—Is not JOHNSON ours?
" For them, your nat'ral judges, Britons, vote;
" They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons wrote."

He ſaid, and conquer'd—Senſe reſum'd her ſway,
And diſappointed pedants ſtalk'd away.
SHAKESPEARE and JOHNSON, with deſerv'd applauſe,
Joint-judges were ordain'd to try the cauſe.
Mean-time the ſtranger ev'ry voice employ'd,
To aſk or tell his name—Who is it?—LLOYD.

Thus, when the aged friends of JOB ſtood mute,
And, tamely prudent, gave up the diſpute,
ELIHU, with the decent warmth of youth,
Boldly ſtood forth the advocate of Truth;
Confuted Falſhood, and diſabled pride,
Whilſt baffled age ſtood ſnarling at his ſide.

The day of tryal's fix'd, nor any fear
Leſt day of tryal ſhould be put off here.
Cauſes but ſeldom for delay can call
In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.

The morning came, nor find I that the ſun,
As he on other great events hath done,
Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
To go his journey in the day before.

Full

Full in the centre of a ſpacious plain,
On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
Nothing magnificent appear'd, but Art,
With decent modeſty perform'd her part,
Roſe a tribunal: from no other court
It borrow'd ornament, or ſought ſupport:
No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here;
No gownſmen, partial to a client's cauſe,
To their own purpoſe tun'd the pliant laws.
Each judge was true and ſteady to his truſt,
As MANSFIELD wiſe, and as old FOSTER juſt.

In the firſt ſeat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildneſs flaſhing from his eyes,
Sat SHAKESPEARE.—In one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the maſter's ſkill:
Things of the nobleſt kind his genius drew,
And look'd through Nature at a ſingle view:
A looſe he gave to his unbounded ſoul,
And taught new lands to riſe, new ſeas to roll;

Call'd

Call'd into being ſcenes unknown before,
And, paſſing Nature's bounds, was ſomething more.

Next JOHNSON ſat, in ancient learning train'd,
His rigid Judgment Fancy's flights reſtrain'd,
Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
Mark'd out her courſe, nor ſpar'd a glorious fault.
The book of man he read with niceſt art,
And ranſack'd all the ſecrets of the heart;
Exerted Penetration's utmoſt force,
And trac'd each paſſion to its proper ſource;
Then, ſtrongly mark'd, in livelieſt colours drew,
And brought each foible forth to publick view.
The Coxcomb felt a laſh in ev'ry word,
And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.
His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And Laughter frightened Folly more than Law.

But, hark!—The trumpet ſounds, the crowd give
And the proceſſion comes in juſt array.

Now ſhould I, in ſome ſweet poetic line,
Offer up incenſe at APOLLO's ſhrine;

Invoke the muſe to quit her calm abode,
And waken mem'ry with a ſleeping ode.
For how ſhould mortal man, in mortal verſe,
Their titles, merits, or their names rehearſe?
But give, kind DULLNESS, memory and rime,
We'll put off Genius till another time.

Firſt, ORDER came,—with ſolemn ſtep, and ſlow,
In meaſur'd time his feet were taught to go.
Behind, from time to time, he caſt his eye,
Leſt This ſhould quit his place, That ſtep awry.
Appearances to ſave his only care;
So things ſeem right, no matter what they are.
In him his parents ſaw themſelves renew'd,
Begotten by *Sir* CRITIC on *Saint* PRUDE.

Then came *Drum*, *Trumpet*, *Hautboy*, *Fiddle*, *Flute*;
Next *Snuffer*, *Sweeper*, *Shifter*, *Soldier*, *Mute*:
Legions of Angels all in *white* advance;
Furies, all *fire*, come forward in a dance;
Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
Fools hand in hand with Fools, go two by two.
Next came the Treaſurer of either houſe;
One with full purſe, t'other with not a ſous.

Behind,

Behind, a group of figures awe create,
Set off with all th' impertinence of ſtate;
By lace and feather conſecrate to fame,
Expletive Kings, and Queens without a name.

Here HAVARD, all ſerene, in the ſame ſtrains,
Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains;
His eaſy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
With him came mighty DAVIES. On my life,
That DAVIES hath a very pretty wife:—
Stateſman all over!—In plots famous grown!—
He mouths a ſentence, as curs mouth a bone.

Next HOLLAND came.—With truly tragic ſtalk,
He creeps, he flies.—A Hero ſhould not walk.
As if with heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes
Planted their batteries againſt the ſkies,
Attitude, Action, Air, Pauſe, Start, Sigh, Groan,
He borrow'd, and made uſe of as his own.
By fortune thrown on any other ſtage,
He might, *perhaps*, have pleas'd an eaſy age;
But now appears a copy, and no more,
Of ſomething better we have ſeen before.

The actor who would build a ſolid fame,
Muſt imitation's ſervile arts diſclaim;
Act from himſelf, on his own bottom ſtand;
I hate e'en GARRICK thus at ſecond-hand.

Behind came KING.—Bred up in modeſt lore,
Baſhful and young he ſought Hibernia's ſhore;
Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchleſs intrepidity of face.
From Her his Features caught the gen'rous flame,
And bid defiance to all ſenſe of ſhame.
Tutor'd by Her all rivals to ſurpaſs,
'Mongſt DRURY's ſons he comes, and ſhines in BRASS.

Lo YATES!—Without the leaſt fineſſe of art
He gets applauſe!—I wiſh he'd get his part.
When hot impatience is in full career,
How vilely "Hark'e! Harke!" grates the ear?
When active fancy from the brain is ſent,
And ſtands on tip-toe for ſome wiſh'd event,
I hate thoſe careleſs blunders which recall
Suſpended ſenſe, and prove it fiction all.

In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where nature's coarſeſt features we behold,
Where, deſtitute of ev'ry decent grace,
Unmanner'd jeſts are blurted in your face,
There YATES with juſtice ſtrict attention draws,
Acts truly from himſelf, and gains applauſe.
But when, to pleaſe himſelf or charm his wife,
He aims at ſomething in politer life,
When, blindly thwarting Nature's ſtubborn plan,
He treads the ſtage, by way of gentleman,
The Clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like TOM ERRAND dreſs'd in CLINCHER's cl
Fond of his dreſs, fond of his perſon grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himſelf unknown,
From ſide to ſide he ſtruts, he ſmiles, he prates,
And ſeems to wonder what's become of YATES.

WOODWARD, endow'd with various tricks of fa
Great maſter in the ſcience of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,
Lur'd by the pleaſing proſpect of renown;
A ſpeaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twiſts, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb,

Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to ſenſe the conqueſt of the heart.
We laugh indeed, but on reflection's birth,
We wonder at ourſelves, and curſe our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally miſplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taſte;
Hence hath the town ſo often ſeen diſplay'd
Beau in Burleſque, High Life in Maſquerade.

But when bold Wits, not ſuch as patch up plays,
Cold and correct, in theſe inſipid days,
Some comic character, ſtrong featur'd, urge
To probability's extremeſt verge,
Where modeſt judgment her decree ſuſpends,
And for a time, nor cenſures, nor commends,
Where critics can't determine on the ſpot,
Whether it is in nature found or not,
There WOODWARD ſafely ſhall his pow'rs exert,
Nor fail of favour where he ſhews deſert.
Hence he in Bobadil ſuch praiſes bore,
Such worthy praiſes, Kitely ſcarce had more.

By turns transform'd into all kind of ſhapes,
Conſtant to none, FOOTE laughs, cries, ſtruts, and ſcrapes:

Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus ſhifts, *Bawd*, *Parſon*, *Auctioneer*.
His ſtrokes of humour, and his burſts of ſport
Are all contained in this one word, *Diſtort*.

Doth a man ſtutter, look a-ſquint, or halt?
Mimics draw humour out of Nature's fault.
With perſonal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public ſcorn.
E'en I, whom Nature caſt in hideous mould,
Whom, having made, ſhe trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that Nature's errors are my own.

Shadows behind of FOOTE and WOODWARD came
WILKINSON this, OBRIEN was that name.
Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even ſhadows have their ſhadows too!
With not a ſingle comic pow'r endu'd,
The firſt a mere mere mimic's mimic ſtood.
The laſt, by Nature form'd to pleaſe, who ſhows,
In JOHNSON's Stephen, which way Genius grows,
Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
To put on WOODWARD in each mangled part;

Ad

Adopts his ſhrug, his wink, his ſtare; nay, more,
His voice, and croaks; for WOODWARD croak'd before.
When a dull copier ſimple grace neglects,
And reſts his Imitation in Defects,
We readily forgive; but ſuch vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.

By Nature form'd in her perverſeſt mood,
With no one requiſite of Art endu'd,
Next JACKSON came.—Obſerve that ſettled glare,
Which better ſpeaks a Puppet than a Play'r;
Liſt to that voice—did ever DISCORD hear
Sounds ſo well fitted to her untun'd ear?
When, to enforce ſome very tender part,
The right hand ſleeps by inſtinct on the heart,
His ſoul, of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left;
He ſobs and pants to ſooth his weeping ſpouſe,
To ſooth his weeping mother, turns and bows.
Aukward, embarraſs'd, ſtiff, without the ſkill
Of moving gracefully, or ſtanding ſtill,
One leg, as if ſuſpicious of his brother,
Deſirous ſeems to run away from t'other.

Some errors, handed down from age to age,
Plead Cuſtom's force, and ſtill poſſeſs the ſtage.
That's vile—ſhould we a parent's faults adore,
And err, becauſe our fathers err'd before?
If, inattentive to the author's mind,
Some actors made the jeſt they could not find,
If by low tricks they marr'd fair Nature's mien,
And blurr'd the graces of the ſimple ſcene,
Shall we, if reaſon rightly is employ'd,
Not ſee their faults, or ſeeing not avoid?
When FALSTAFF ſtands detected in a lye,
Why, without meaning, rowls LOVE's glaſſy eye?
Why?—There's no cauſe—at leaſt no cauſe we know
It was the Faſhion twenty years ago.
Faſhion—a word which knaves and fools may uſe
Their knavery and folly to excuſe.
To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
To fame—to copy faults, is want of ſenſe.

Yet (tho' in ſome particulars he fails,
Some few particulars, where MODE prevails)
If in theſe hallow'd times, when ſober, ſad,
All GENTLEMEN are melancholy mad,

Wh

When 'tis not deem'd ſo great a crime by half
To violate a veſtal, as to laugh,
Rude mirth may hope preſumptuous to engage
An Act of Toleration for the ſtage,
And courtiers will, like reaſonable creatures,
Suſpend vain Faſhion, and unſcrew their features,
Old FALSTAFF, play'd by LOVE, ſhall pleaſe once more,
And humour ſet the audience in a roar.

Actors I've ſeen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part poſſeſs'd of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.
Here, LOVE, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
To call in that wag FALSTAFF's dang'rous aid;
Like GOTHS of old, howe'er he ſeems a friend,
He'll ſeize that throne, you wiſh him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by HUMOUR caſt,
For FALSTAFF fram'd—Himſelf, the Firſt and laſt,—
He ſtands aloof from all—maintains his ſtate,
And ſcorns, like *Scotſmen*, to aſſimilate.
Vain all diſguiſe—too plain we ſee the trick,
Tho' the Knight wears the weeds of DOMINIC,

And BONIFACE, diſgrac'd, betrays the ſmack,
In ANNO DOMINI, of FALSTAFF's ſack.

Arms croſs'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet marching ſl
A band of malecontents with ſpleen o'erflow;
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which Pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog,
They curſe the managers, and curſe the town,
Whoſe partial favour keeps ſuch merit down.

But if ſome man, more hardy than the reſt,
Should dare attack theſe *gnatlings* in their neſt;
At once they riſe with impotence of rage,
Whet their ſmall ſtings, and buzz about the ſtage.
" 'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
" To arm ſatyric truth againſt a play'r?
" Preſcriptive rights we plead time out of mind;
" Actors, unlaſh'd themſelves, may laſh mankind."

What! ſhall Opinion then, of nature free
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To ruſt in chains like theſe, impos'd by Things
Which, leſs than nothing, ape the pride of kings?

No—though half-poets with half-players join
To curſe the freedom of each honeſt line;
Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek;
What the muſe freely thinks, ſhe'll freely ſpeak.
With juſt diſdain of ev'ry paltry ſneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpoſe fix'd, and to herſelf a rule,
Public Contempt ſhall wait the Public Fool.

AUSTIN would always gliſten in French ſilks,
ACKMAN would Norris be, and PACKER Wilks.
For who, like ACKMAN, can with humour pleaſe?
Who can, like PACKER, charm with ſprightly eaſe?
Higher than all the reſt, ſee BRANSBY ſtrut:
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!
Ludicrous nature! which at once could ſhew
A man ſo very High, ſo very Low.

If I forget thee, BLAKES, or if I ſay
Aught hurtful, may I never ſee thee play.
Let critics, with a ſupercilious air,
Decry thy various merit, and declare
Frenchman is ſtill at top;—but ſcorn that rage
Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age.

French

French follies, univerſally embrac'd,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taſte.

Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random cenſur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have BRITONS drawn their ſport, with partial view
Form'd gen'ral notions from the raſcal few;
Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
Which, from their country baniſh'd, ſeek our own.
At length, howe'er, the ſlaviſh chain is broke,
And Senſe, awaken'd, ſcorns her ancient yoke:
Taught by Thee, MOODY, we now learn to raiſe
Mirth from their foibles; from their virtues, praiſe.

Next came the legion, which our *Summer* BAYES,
From Alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raiſe,
Fluſh'd with vaſt hopes, and certain to ſucceed,
With WITS who cannot write, and ſcarce can read.
Vet'rans no more ſupport the rotten cauſe,
No more from ELLIOT's worth they reap applauſe,
Each on himſelf determines to rely,
Be YATES diſbanded, and let ELLIOT fly.
Never did play'rs ſo well an Author fit,
To Nature dead, and foes declar'd to Wit.

S

So loud each tongue, ſo empty was each head,
So much they talk'd, ſo very little ſaid,
So wond'rous dull, and yet ſo wond'rous vain,
At once ſo willing, and unfit to reign,
That Reaſon ſwore, nor would the oath recall,
Their mighty Maſter's ſoul inform'd them all.

As one with various diſappointments ſad,
Whom Dullneſs only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the reſt great MURPHY came—
Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame.
What tho' the ſons of Nonſenſe hail him SIRE,
AUDITOR, AUTHOR, MANAGER, and SQUIRE,
His reſtleſs ſoul's ambition ſtops not there,
To make his triumphs perfect, dubb him PLAY'R.

In perſon tall, a figure form'd to pleaſe,
If Symmetry could charm, depriv'd of eaſe;
When motionleſs he ſtands, we all approve;
What pity 'tis the THING was made to move.

His voice, in one dull, deep, unvaried ſound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground.

From

From hollow cheſt the low ſepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and ſtruggles in his throat.

Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All muſt to him reſign the foremoſt place.
When he attempts, in ſome one fav'rite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honeſt features the diſguiſe defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lye.

Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or ſtupidly ſerene.
In cold-wrought ſcenes the lifeleſs actor flags,
In paſſion, tears the paſſion into rags.
Can none remember?—Yes—I know all muſt—
When in the MOOR he ground his teeth to duſt,
When o'er the ſtage he FOLLY's ſtandard bore,
Whilſt COMMON-SENSE ſtood trembling at the door.

How few are found with real talents bleſs'd,
Fewer with Nature's gifts contented reſt.
Man from his ſphere eccentric ſtarts aſtray;
All hunt for fame; but moſt miſtake the way.

Bred at St. OMER's to the Shuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a Jeſuit might have made,
With various readings ſtor'd his empty ſkull,
Learn'd without ſenſe, and venerably dull;
Or, at ſome Banker's deſk, like many more,
Content to tell, that two and two make four,
His name had ſtood in CITY ANNALS fair,
And PRUDENT DULLNESS mark'd him for a MAYOR.

What then could tempt thee, in a critic age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a ſtage?
Could it be worth thy wond'rous waſte of pains
To publiſh to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not reaſon e'en to thee have ſhewn
Thy greateſt praiſe had been to live *unknown?*
Yet let not vanity, like thine, deſpair:
Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.

A vacant throne high-plac'd in SMITHFIELD view,
To ſacred DULLNESS and her FIRST-BORN due,
Thither with haſte in happy hour repair,
Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there.
SHUTER himſelf ſhall own thy juſter claim,
And VENAL LEDGERS puff their MURPHY's name,

Whilſt

Whilſt VAUGHAN or DAPPER, call him which you
Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill.

There rule ſecure from critics and from ſenſe,
Nor once ſhall GENIUS riſe to give offence;
Eternal peace ſhall bleſs the happy ſhore,
And LITTLE FACTIONS break thy reſt no more.

From COVENT-GARDEN crowds promiſcuous g
Whom the muſe knows not, nor deſires to know.
Vet'rans they ſeem'd, but knew of arms no more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore:
Like Weſtminſter militia train'd to fight,
They ſcarcely knew the left hand from the right,
Aſham'd among ſuch troops to ſhew the head,
Their Chiefs were ſcatter'd, and their Heroes fled.

SPARKS at his glaſs ſat comfortably down
To ſep'rate frown from ſmile, and ſmile from frown
SMITH, the genteel, the airy, and the ſmart,
SMITH was juſt gone to ſchool to ſay his part;
Ross (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was faſt aſleep at dear STATIRA's feet;

STAT

STATIRA, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as faſt aſleep as he;
MACKLIN, who largely deals in half-form'd ſounds,
Who wantonly tranſgreſſes Nature's bounds,
Whoſe Acting's hard, affected, and conſtrain'd,
Whoſe features, as each other they diſdain'd,
At variance ſet, inflexible and coarſe,
Ne'er know the workings of united force,
Ne'er kindly ſoften to each other's aid,
Nor ſhew the mingled pow'rs of light and ſhade,
No longer for a thankleſs ſtage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty Genius turn'd,
Harangu'd, gave Lectures, made each ſimple elf
Almoſt as good a ſpeaker as himſelf;
Whilſt the whole town, mad with miſtaken zeal,
An aukward rage for ELOCUTION feel;
Dull CITS and grave DIVINES his praiſe proclaim,
And join with SHERIDAN's their MACKLIN's name;
SHUTER, who never car'd a ſingle pin
Whether he left out nonſenſe, or put in,
Who aim'd at wit, tho', levell'd in the dark,
The random arrow ſeldom hit the mark,
At Iſlington, all by the placid ſtream
Where city ſwains in lap of Dullneſs dream,

Where,

Where, quiet as her ſtrains their ſtrains *do* flow,
That all the patron by the bards may know;
Secret as night, with ROLT's experienc'd aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected ſchemes the ſummer months to chear,
And ſpin out happy Folly through the year.

But think not, though theſe daſtard-chiefs are fled,
That COVENT-GARDEN troops ſhall want a head:
HARLEQUIN comes their chief!—ſee from afar,
The hero ſeated in fantaſtic car!
Wedded to *Novelty*, his only arms
Are wooden ſwords, wands, taliſmans, and charms;
On one ſide Folly ſits, by ſome call'd Fun,
And on the other, his arch-patron, LUN.
Behind, for liberty a-thirſt in vain,
SENSE, helpleſs captive, drags the galling chain.
Six rude miſ-ſhapen beaſts the chariot draw,
Whom Reaſon loaths, and Nature never ſaw,
Monſters, with tails of ice, and heads of fire;
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chymæras dire.
Each was beſtrode by full as monſtrous wight,
Giant, Dwarf, Genius, Elf, Hermaphrodite.

The

The Town, as uſual, met him in full cry;
The Town, as uſual, knew no reaſon why.
But Faſhion ſo directs, and Moderns raiſe
On Faſhion's mould'ring baſe their tranſient praiſe.

Next, to the field a band of females draw
Their force; for Britain owns no Salique Law:
Juſt to their worth, we female rights admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.

Firſt, giggling, plotting chamber-maids arrive,
Hoydons and romps, led on by Gen'ral CLIVE.
In ſpite of outward blemiſhes, ſhe ſhone
For Humour fam'd, and Humour all her own.
Eaſy, as if at Home, the ſtage ſhe trod,
Nor ſought the critic's praiſe, nor fear'd his rod.
Original in ſpirit and in eaſe,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to pleaſe.
No comic actreſs ever yet could raiſe,
On Humour's baſe, more merit or more praiſe.

With all the native vigour of ſixteen,
Among the merry troop conſpicuous ſeen

See lively POPE advance in *jig*, and *trip*
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
Not without Art, but yet to Nature true,
She charms the town with humour juſt, yet ne
Chear'd by her promiſe, we the leſs deplore
The fatal time when CLIVE ſhall be no more.

Lo! VINCENT comes—with ſimple grace array
She laughs at paltry arts, and ſcorns parade.
Nature through her is by reflection ſhewn,
Whilſt GAY once more knows POLLY for his

Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I ſee it all, but muſt forgive it here.
Defects like theſe which *modeſt* terrors cauſe,
From Impudence itſelf extort applauſe.
Candour and Reaſon ſtill take Virtue's part;
We love e'en foibles in ſo good an heart.

Let TOMMY ARNE, with uſual pomp of ſti
Whoſe chief, whoſe only merit's to compile,
Who, meanly pilf'ring here and there a bit,
Deals muſic out as MURPHY deals out Wit,

iſh propoſals, laws for taſte preſcribe,
chant the praiſe of an ITALIAN tribe;
him reverſe kind Nature's firſt decrees,
teach e'en BRENT a method not to pleaſe;
never ſhall a TRULY BRITISH Age,
a vile race of eunuchs on the ſtage.
boaſted work's called NATIONAL in vain,
ie ITALIAN voice pollutes the ſtrain.
:re tyrants rule, and ſlaves with joy obey,
ſlaviſh minſtrils pour th' enervate lay;
BRITONS far-more noble pleaſures ſpring,
ative notes whilſt BEARD and VINCENT ſing.

light figure give a title unto fame,
at rival ſhould with YATES diſpute her claim?
juſtice may not partial trophies raiſe,
ſink the Actreſs in the Woman's praiſe.
hand in hand her words and actions go,
the heart feels more than the features ſhow:
through the regions of that beauteous face,
no variety of paſſions trace;
d to the ſoft emotions of the heart,
kindred ſoftneſs can thoſe eyes impart;

The brow, ſtill fix'd in ſorrow's ſullen frame,
Void of diſtinction, marks all parts the ſame.

What's a fine perſon, or a beauteous face,
Unleſs deportment gives them decent grace?
Bleſs'd with all other requiſites to pleaſe,
Some want the ſtriking elegance of Eaſe;
The curious eye their aukward movement tires;
They ſeem like puppets led about by wires.
Others, like ſtatues, in one poſture ſtill,
Give great ideas of the workman's ſkill;
Wond'ring, his art we praiſe the more we view,
And only grieve he gave not motion too.
Weak of themſelves are what we beauties call,
It is the manner which gives ſtrength to all.
This teaches ev'ry beauty to unite,
And brings them forward in the nobleſt light.
Happy in this, behold, amidſt the throng,
With tranſient gleam of grace, HART ſweeps along.

If all the wonders of external grace,
A perſon finely turn'd, a mould of face,
Where, Union rare, Expreſſion's lively force
With Beauty's ſofteſt magic holds diſcourſe,

Att

ttract the eye; if feelings, void of art,
ouze the quick paſſions, and enflame the heart;
f muſic, ſweetly breathing from the tongue,
aptives the ear, BRIDE muſt not paſs unſung.

When fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit,
y time and cuſtom conquer'd, ſhall retreat;
When judgment, tutor'd by experience ſage,
hall ſhoot abroad, and gather ſtrength from age;
When heav'n in mercy ſhall the ſtage releaſe
rom the dull ſlumbers of a ſtill-life piece;
When ſome ſtale flow'r, diſgraceful to the walk,
Which long hath hung, tho' wither'd on the ſtalk,
hall kindly drop, then BRIDE ſhall make her way,
nd merit find a paſſage to the day;
rought into action ſhe at once ſhall raiſe
er own renown, and juſtify our praiſe.

Form'd for the tragic ſcene, to grace the ſtage,
With rival excellence of Love and Rage,
Miſtreſs of each ſoft art, with matchleſs ſkill
To turn and wind the paſſions as ſhe will;
To melt the heart with ſympathetic woe,
Awake the ſigh, and teach the tear to flow;

To put on Frenzy's wild diſtracted glare,
And freeze the ſoul with horror and deſpair;
With juſt deſert enroll'd in endleſs fame,
Conſcious of worth ſuperior, CIBBER came.

When poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are rack'd,
And ſtrongly imag'd griefs her mind diſtract;
Struck with her grief, I catch the madneſs too!
My brain turns round, the headleſs trunk I view!
The roof cracks, ſhakes and falls!—New horrors riſe,
And Reaſon buried in the ruin lies.

Nobly diſdainful of each ſlaviſh art,
She makes her firſt attack upon the heart:
Pleas'd with the ſummons, it receives her laws,
And all is ſilence, ſympathy, applauſe.

But when, by fond ambition drawn aſide,
Giddy with praiſe, and puff'd with female pride,
She quits the tragic ſcene, and, in pretence
To comic merit, breaks down Nature's fence;
I ſcarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out CIBBER through the dark diſguiſe.

PRITCHARD,

PRITCHARD, by Nature for the ſtage deſign'd,
n perſon graceful, and in ſenſe refin'd;
ler art as much as Nature's friend became,
ler voice as free from blemiſh as her fame.
Who knows ſo well in majeſty to pleaſe,
ttemper'd with the graceful charms of eaſe?

When Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
he comes a captive queen of Mooriſh race;
Vhen Love, Hate, Jealouſy, Deſpair and Rage,
Vith wildeſt tumults in her breaſt engage;
till equal to herſelf is Zara ſeen;
ler paſſions are the paſſions of a Queen.

When ſhe to murther whets the tim'rous Thane,
feel ambition ruſh through ev'ry vein;
erſuaſion hangs upon her daring tongue,
ly heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new ſtrung.

In Comedy—"Nay, there," cries Critic, "hold.
PRITCHARD's for Comedy too fat and old.
Who can, with patience, bear the gray coquette,
Or force a laugh with over-grown Julett?

Do ſpirits flow, and is good-breeding
In any ſet circumference of waiſt ?
As we grow old, doth affectation ceaſ
Or gives not age new vigour to caprice
If in originals theſe things appear,
Why ſhould we bar them in the copy i
The nice punctilio-mongers of this ag
The grand minute reformers of the ſtag
Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,
Some ſtandard-meaſure for each part ſh
Which when the beſt of Actors ſhall ex
Let it devolve to one of ſmaller breed.
All actors too upon the back ſhould bea
Certificate of birth;—time, when;—pla
For how can critics rightly fix their wor

Figure, I own, at firſt may give offence,
And harſhly ſtrike the eye's too curious ſenſe:
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humour's chaſte ſallies, Judgment's ſolid worth;
When the pure genuine flame, by Natur taught,
Spring's into Senſe, and ev'ry action's Thought;
Before ſuch merit all objections fly;
PRITCHARD's genteel, and GARRICK's ſix feet high.

Oft have I, PRITCHARD, ſeen thy wond'rous ſkill,
Confeſs'd thee great, but find thee greater ſtill.
That worth, which ſhone in ſcatter'd rays before,
Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
The JEALOUS WIFE! On that thy trophies raiſe,
Inferior only to the Author's praiſe.

From Dublin, fam'd in legends of Romance
For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
And like a flood ruſh o'er the land of Love,
MOSSOP and BARRY came.—Names ne'er deſign'd
By fate in the ſame ſentence to be join'd.
Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
They mounted to the pinnacle of Fame;

There

There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,
Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
Thus ſportive boys, around ſome baſon's brim,
Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling ſwim:
But if from lungs more potent, there ariſe
Two bubbles of a more than common ſize,
Eager for honour they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both ſink to air.

Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man.
Whilſt the mouth meaſures words with ſeeming ſkill,
The right hand labours, and the left lies ſtill;
For he reſolv'd on ſcripture-grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left-hand ſhall not know.
With ſtudied impropriety of ſpeech,
He ſoars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
To epithets allots emphatic ſtate,
Whilſts principals, ungrac'd, like lacquies wait;
In ways firſt trodden by himſelf excels,
And ſtands alone in indeclinables;
Conjunction, preposition, adverb join
To ſtamp new vigour on the nervous line:

In monoſyllables his thunders roll,
HE, SHE, IT, AND, WE, YE, THEY, fright the ſoul.

In perſon taller than the common ſize,
Behold where BARRY draws admiring eyes!
When lab'ring paſſions, in his boſom pent,
Convulſive rage, and ſtruggling heave for vent;
Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
Anxious expect the burſting of the ſtorm:
But, all unfit in ſuch a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth, like Echo from her cell;
To ſwell the tempeſt needful aid denies,
And all a-down the ſtage in feeble murmurs dies.

What man, like BARRY, with ſuch pains, can err
In elocution, action, character?
What man could give, if BARRY was not here,
Such well-applauded tenderneſs to Lear?
Who elſe can ſpeak ſo very, very fine,
That ſenſe may kindly end with ev'ry line?

Some dozen lines before the ghoſt is there,
Behold him for the ſolemn ſcene prepare.

See

When he appears moſt perfect, ſt
Something which jars upon, and hu
Whatever lights upon a part are thro
We ſee too plainly they are not his o
No flame from Nature ever yet he ca
Nor knew a feeling which he was not
He rais'd his trophies on the baſe of a
And conn'd his paſſions, as he conn'd

QUIN, from afar, lur'd by the ſcent
A ſtage Leviathan, put in his claim.
Pupil of BETTERTON and BOOTH.
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chai
For how ſhould moderns, muſhrooms
Who ne'er [illegible]

Receiv'd, with joyful murmurs of applauſe,
Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cauſe.

Far be it from the candid muſe to tread
Inſulting o'er the aſhes of the dead,
But, juſt to living merit, ſhe maintains,
And dares the teſt, whilſt GARRICK's Genius reigns;
Ancients, in vain, endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But, though preſcription's force we diſallow,
Nor to antiquity ſubmiſſive bow;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place;
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth ſhall bear
Due praiſe, nor muſt we, QUIN, forget thee there.

His words bore ſterling weight, nervous and ſtrong
In manly tides of ſenſe they roll'd along.
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit ſenſe.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of ſpeech.

Speech! Is that all?—And ſhall an actor found
An univerſal fame on partial ground?

To weigh out words, while paſſion ha
To Syllable-diſſectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—Fools n
But, Spite of all the criticiſing elves,
Thoſe who would make us feel, muſt f

His eyes, in gloomy ſocket taught to
Proclaim'd the ſullen habit of his ſoul.
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the ſtage,
Too proud for Tenderneſs, too dull for
When Hector's lovely widow ſhines in T
Or Rowe's gay Rake dependant Virtue j
With the ſame caſt of features he is ſeen
To chide the Libertine, and court the C
From the tame ſcene, which without na

In Brute he ſhone unequall'd: all agree
GARRICK's not half ſo great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd ſcenes are brought to view,
With equal praiſe the Actor labour'd too;
For ſtill you'll find, trace paſſions to their root,
Small diff'rence 'twixt the Stoic and the Brute.
In fancied ſcenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not, for a moment, ſink the Man.
In whate'er caſt his character was laid,
Self ſtill, like oil, upon the ſurface play'd.
Nature, in ſpite of all his ſkill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax, Falſtaff,—ſtill 'twas QUIN.

Next follows SHERIDAN.—A doubtful name,
As yet unſettled in the rank of fame.
This, fondly laviſh in his praiſes grown,
Gives him all merit: That allows him none.
Between them both, we'll ſteer the middle courſe,
Nor, loving praiſe, rob judgment of her force.

Juſt his conceptions, natural and great:
His feelings ſtrong, his words enforc'd with weight.
Was ſpeech-ſam'd QUIN himſelf to hear him ſpeak,
Envy would drive the colour from his cheek:

But

But ſtep-dame Nature, niggard of her grace,
Deny'd the ſocial pow'rs of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Paſſions, like chaos, in confuſion lie:
In vain the wonders of his ſkill are try'd
To form diſtinction Nature hath deny'd.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep, and ſhrill by fits:
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the ſake of ſtrife.

His action's always ſtrong, but ſometimes ſuch,
That Candour muſt declare he acts too much.
Why muſt impatience fall three paces back?
Why paces three return to the attack?
Why is the right leg too forbid to ſtir,
Unleſs in motion ſemicircular?
Why muſt the hero with the Nailor vie,
And hurl the cloſe-clench'd fiſt at noſe or eye?
In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor DAVIES down
Inhuman tyrant! was it not a ſhame,
To fright a king ſo harmleſs and ſo tame?

But, ſpite of all defects, his glories riſe;
And Art, by Judgment form'd, with Nature vies;
Behold him ſound the depth of HUBERT's ſoul,
Whilſt in his own contending paſſions roll;
View the whole ſcene, with critic judgment ſcan,
And then deny him Merit if you can.
Where he falls ſhort, 'tis Nature's fault alone;
Where he ſucceeds, the Merit's all his own.

Laſt GARRICK came.—Behind him throng a train
Of ſnarling critics, ignorant as vain.

One finds out,—"He's of ſtature ſomewhat low,—
'Your Hero always ſhould be tall you know.—
'True nat'ral greatneſs all conſiſts in height."
Produce your voucher, Critic.—"Sergeant KYTE."

Another can't forgive the paltry arts,
By which he makes his way to ſhallow hearts;
Mere pieces of fineſſe, traps for applauſe.—
'Avaunt, unnat'ral Start, affected Pauſe."

For me, by Nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
I can't acquit by wholeſale, nor condemn.

The beſt things carried to exceſs are wrong:
The ſtart may be too frequent, pauſe too long;
But, only us'd in proper time and place,
Severeſt judgment muſt allow them Grace.

If Bungler's, form'd on Imitation's plan,
Juſt in the way that monkies mimic man,
Their copied ſcene with mangled arts diſgrace,
And pauſe and ſtart with the ſame vacant face;
We join the critic laugh; thoſe tricks we ſcorn,
Which ſpoil the ſcenes they mean them to adorn.
But when, from Nature's pure and genuine ſource,
Theſe ſtrokes of Acting flow with gen'rous force,
When in the features all the ſoul's portray'd,
And paſſions, ſuch as GARRICK's are diſplay'd,
To me they ſeem from quickeſt feelings caught:
Each ſtart is Nature; and each pauſe is Thought.

When Reaſon yields to Paſſion's wild alarms,
And the whole ſtate of man is up in arms;
What, but a Critic, could condemn the Play'r,
For pauſing here, when Cool Senſe pauſes there?
Whilſt, working from the Heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it ſtrongly flaming to the Face;

Whi

Whilſt, in each ſound, I hear the very man;
can't catch words, and pity thoſe who can.

Let wits, like ſpiders, from the tortur'd brain
ine-draw the critic-web with curious pain;
he gods,—a kindneſs I with thanks muſt pay,—
ave form'd me of a coarſer kind of clay;
or ſtung with envy, nor with ſpleen diſeas'd,
poor dull creature, ſtill with Nature pleas'd;
ence to thy praiſes, GARRICK, I agree,
nd, pleas'd with Nature, muſt be pleas'd with Thee.

Now might I tell, how ſilence reign'd throughout,
nd deep attention huſh'd the rabble rout:
ow ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with deſire,
as pale as aſhes, or as red as fire:
ut, looſe to Fame, the muſe more ſimply acts,
ejects all flouriſh, and relates mere facts.

The Judges, as the ſev'ral parties came,
Vith temper heard, with Judgment weigh'd each Claim,
nd, in their ſentence happily agreed,
n name of both, Great SHAKESPEARE thus decreed.

" If manly Senſe; if Nature link'd with Art;
" If thorough knowledge of the Human Heart;
" If Pow'rs of acting vaſt and unconfin'd;
" If feweſt Faults with greateſt Beauties join'd;
" If ſtrong Expreſſion, and ſtrange Pow'rs, which lie
" Within the magic circle of the eye;
" If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
" And which no face ſo well as His can ſhow;
" Deſerve the Pref'rence;—GARRICK take the chair
" Nor quit it—till Thou place an Equal there."

THE END.

THE

POLOGY.

THE

APOLOGY.

ADDRESSED TO THE

CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

LAUGHS not the heart, when Giants, big with pride,
Aſſume the pompous port, the martial ſtride;
Or arm Herculean heave th' enormous ſhield,
Caſt as a weaver's beam the javelin wield;
With the loud voice of thund'ring JOVE defy,
And dare to ſingle combat—What?—A Fly.

who high in letter'd reputation ſi
And hold, ASTRÆA like, the ſcal
With partial rage ruſh forth,—Oh!
To cruſh a bard juſt burſting from t

Great are his perils in this ſtorm
Who raſhly ventures on a ſea of R
Around vaſt ſurges roll, winds enviou
And jealous rocks and quickſands lurk
Greatly his foes he dreads, but more h
He hurts me moſt who laviſhly comm

Look thro' the world—in ev'ry othe
The ſame employment's cauſe of kind
At leaſt appearance of good will creat

The pride of Nature would as ſoon admit
Competitors in empire as in wit;
Onward they ruſh at Fame's imperious call,
And, leſs than greateſt, would not be at all.

Smit with the love of Honour,—or the Pence,
O'er-run with wit, and deſtitute of ſenſe,
Should any novice in the riming trade,
With lawleſs pen the realms of verſe invade;
Forth from the court, where ſcepter'd ſages ſit,
Abus'd with praiſe, and flatter'd into wit;
Where in lethargic majeſty they reign,
And what they won by dullneſs, ſtill maintain;
Legions of factious authors throng at once;
Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.
To HAMILTON's the Ready Lies repair;—
Ne'er was Lye made which was not welcome there—
Thence, on maturer judgment's anvil wrought,
The poliſh'd falſhood's into public brought.
Quick-circulating ſlanders mirth afford,
And reputation bleeds in ev'ry word.

A CRITIC was of old a glorious name,
Whoſe ſanction handed merit up to fame;

Beauties

Beauties as well as faults he brought to view:
His Judgment great, and great his Candour too.
No ſervile rules drew ſickly taſte aſide;
Secure he walk'd, for Nature was his guide.
But now, Oh ſtrange reverſe! our Critics bawl
In praiſe of Candour with a heart of Gall,
Conſcious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
They lurk enſhrouded in the veil of night:
Safe from detection, ſeize th' unwary prey,
And ſtab, like bravoes, all who come that way.

When firſt my muſe, perhaps more bold than wiſe,
Bad the rude trifle into light ariſe,
Little ſhe thought ſuch tempeſts would enſue,
Leſs, that thoſe tempeſts would be rais'd by you.
The thunder's fury rends the tow'ring oak,
ROSCIADS, like ſhrubs, might 'ſcape the fatal ſtroke,
Vain thought! a Critic's fury knows no bound;
DRAWCANSIR like, he deals deſtruction round;
Nor can we hope HE will a ſtranger ſpare,
Who gives no quarter to his friend VOLTAIRE.

Unhappy Genius! plac'd by partial Fate
With a free ſpirit in a ſlaviſh ſtate;

Where

Where the reluctant Muſe, oppreſs'd by kings,
Or droops in ſilence, or in fetters ſings.
In vain thy dauntleſs fortitude hath borne
The bigot's furious zeal, and tyrant's ſcorn.
Why didſt thou ſafe from home-bred dangers ſteer,
Reſerv'd to periſh more ignobly here?
Thus, when the Julian Tyrant's pride to ſwell
ROME with her POMPEY at Pharſalia fell,
The vanquiſh'd chief eſcap'd from CÆSAR's hand.
To die by ruffians in a foreign land.

How could theſe ſelf-elected monarchs raiſe
So large an empire on ſo ſmall a baſe?
In what retreat, inglorious and unknown,
Did Genius ſleep, when Dullneſs ſeiz'd the throne?
Whence, abſolute now grown, and free from awe,
She to the ſubject world diſpenſes law.
Without her licence, not a letter ſtirs,
And all the captive criſs-croſs-row is hers.
The STAGYRITE, who rules from Nature drew,
Opinions gave, but gave his reaſons too.
Our great Dictators take a ſhorter way—
Who ſhall diſpute what the Reviewers ſay?

Their

Their word's ſufficient; and to aſk a reaſon,
In ſuch a ſtate as theirs, is downright treaſon.
True judgment now with Them alone can dwell;
Like Church of Rome, they're grown infallible.
Dull ſuperſtitious readers they deceive,
Who pin their eaſy faith on critic's ſleeve,
And, knowing nothing, ev'ry thing believe!
But why repine we, that theſe Puny Elves
Shoot into Giants?—We may thank ourſelves;
Fools that we are, like Iſrael's fools of yore,
The Calf ourſelves have faſhion'd we adore.
But let true Reaſon once reſume her reign,
This God ſhall dwindle to a Calf again.

Founded on arts which ſhun the face of day,
By the ſame arts they ſtill maintain their ſway.
Wrapp'd in myſterious ſecrecy they riſe,
And, as they are unknown, are ſafe and wiſe.
At whomſoever aim'd, howe'er ſevere
Th' envenom'd ſlander flies, no names appear.
Prudence forbid that ſtep.—Then all might know
And on more equal terms engage the foe.
But now, what Quixote of the age would care
To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air?

By

By int'reſt join'd, th' expert confederates ſtand,
And play the game into each others hand.
The vile abuſe, in turn by all deny'd,
Is bandy'd up and down from ſide to ſide:
It flies—hey!—preſto!—like a jugler's ball,
'Till it belongs to nobody at all.

All men and things they know, themſelves unknown,
And publiſh ev'ry name—except their own.
Nor think this ſtrange—ſecure from vulgar eyes
The nameleſs author paſſes in diſguiſe.
But vet'ran critics are not ſo deceiv'd,
If vet'ran critics are to be believ'd.
Once ſeen, they know an author evermore,
Nay ſwear to hands they never ſaw before.
Thus in the ROSCIAD, beyond chance or doubt,
They, by the writing, found the writers out.
"That's LLOYD'S—his manner there you plainly trace,
"And all the ACTOR ſtares you in the face.
"By COLMAN that was written.—On my life,
"The ſtrongeſt ſymptoms of the JEALOUS WIFE,
"That little diſingenuous piece of ſpite,
"CHURCHILL, a wretch unknown, perhaps might write."

How

How doth it make judicious readers ſmile,
When authors are detected by their ſtile:
Tho' ev'ry one who knows this author, knows
He ſhifts his ſtile much oftner than his cloaths?

Whence could ariſe this mighty critic ſpleen,
The Muſe a trifler, and her theme ſo mean?
What had I done, that angry Heav'n ſhould ſend
The bitt'reſt Foe where moſt I wiſh'd a Friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hail'd the honours of thy matchleſs fame.
For me let hoary FIELDING bite the ground
So nobler PICKLE ſtands ſuperbly bound.
From LIVY's temples tear th' hiſtoric crown,
Which with more juſtice blooms upon thine own.
Compar'd with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the Life of TOMMY THUMB.
Who ever read the REGICIDE, but ſwore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
Others for plots and under-plots may call,
Here's the right method—have no plot at all.
Who can ſo often in his cauſe engage
The tiny Pathos of the Grecian ſtage,

Whilſt

Whilſt horrors riſe, and tears ſpontaneous flow
At tragic Ha! and no leſs tragic Oh!
To praiſe his nervous weakneſs all agree;
And then for ſweetneſs, who ſo ſweet as he!
Too big for utterance when ſorrows ſwell
The too big ſorrows flowing tears muſt tell:
But when thoſe flowing tears ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Why—then the voice muſt ſpeak again you know.

Rude and unſkilful in the Poet's trade,
I kept no NAIADS by me *ready-made*;
Ne'er did I colours high in air advance,
Torn from the bleeding fopperies of France;
No flimſey linſey-woolſey ſcenes I wrote,
With patches here and there like Joſeph's coat.
Me humbler themes befit: Secure, for me,
Let Playwrights ſmuggle nonſenſe, duty free:
Secure, for me, ye lambs, ye lambkins bound,
And friſk, and frolic o'er the fairy ground:
Secure, for me, thou pretty little fawn,
Lick SYLVIA's hand, and crop the flow'ry lawn:
Uncenſur'd let the gentle breezes rove,
Thro' the green umbrage of th' enchanted grove;

Secure,

Secure, for me, let ſoppiſh Nature ſmile,
And play the coxcomb in the DESART ISLE.

The ſtage I choſe—a ſubject fair and free—
'Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis Public Property.
All Common Exhibitions open lie
For Praiſe or Cenſure to the Common Eye.
Hence are a thouſand Hackney writers fed;
Hence Monthly Critics earn their Daily-Bread.
This is a gen'ral tax which all muſt pay,
From thoſe who ſcribble, down to thoſe who play.
Actors, a venal crew, receive ſupport
From public bounty, for the public ſport.
To clap or hiſs, all have an equal claim,
The cobler's and his lordſhip's right the ſame.
All join for their ſubſiſtence; all expect
Free leave to praiſe their worth, their faults correct.
When active PICKLE Smithfield ſtage aſcends,
The three days wonder of his laughing friends;
Each, or as judgment, or as fancy guides,
The lively witling praiſes or derides.
And where's the mighty diff'rence, tell me where,
Betwixt a Merry Andrew and a Play'r?

The ſtrolling tribe, a deſpicable race,
Like wand'ring Arabs, ſhift from place to place.
Vagrants by law, to Juſtice open laid,
They tremble, of the beadle's laſh afraid,
And fawning cringe, for wretched means of life,
To Madam May'reſs, or his Worſhip's Wife.

The mighty monarch, in theatric ſack,
Carries his whole regalia at his back;
His royal conſort heads the female band,
And leads the heir-apparent in her hand;
The pannier'd aſs creeps on with conſcious pride,
Bearing a future prince on either ſide.
No choice muſicians in this troop are found
To varniſh nonſenſe with the charms of ſound;
No ſwords, no daggers, not one poiſon'd bowl;
No lightning flaſhes here, no thunders roll;
No guards to ſwell the monarch's train are ſhown;
The monarch here muſt be a hoſt *alone*.
No ſolemn pomp, no ſlow proceſſions here;
No AMMON's entry, and no JULIET's bier.

By need compell'd to proſtitute his art,
The varied actor flies from part to part;

And, ſtrange diſgrace to all theatric pride!
His character is ſhifted with his ſide.
Queſtion and Anſwer he by turns muſt be,
Like that ſmall wit in MODERN TRAGEDY;
Who, to patch up his fame,—or fill his purſe,—
Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worſe;
Like gypſies, leſt the ſtolen brat be known,
Defacing firſt, then claiming for his own.
In ſhabby ſtate they ſtrut, and tatter'd robe;
The ſcene a blanket, and a barn the globe.
No high conceits their mod'rate wiſhes raiſe,
Content with humble profit, humble praiſe.
Let dowdies ſimper, and let bumpkins ſtare,
The ſtrolling pageant hero treads in air:
Pleas'd for his hour, he to mankind gives law,
And ſnores the next out on a truſs of ſtraw.

But if kind Fortune, who we ſometimes know
Can take a hero from a puppet-ſhow,
In mood propitious ſhould her fav'rite call,
On royal ſtage in royal pomp to bawl,
Forgetful of himſelf he rears the head,
And ſcorns the dunghill where he firſt was bred.

Converſin

Converſing now with well-dreſs'd kings and queens,
With gods and goddeſſes behind the ſcenes,
He ſweats beneath the terror-nodding plume,
Taught by Mock Honours Real Pride t'aſſume.
On this great ſtage the World, no Monarch e'er
Was half ſo haughty as a Monarch Play'r.

Doth it more move our anger or our mirth,
To ſee theſe THINGS, the loweſt ſons of earth,
Preſume, with ſelf-ſufficient knowledge grac'd,
To rule in Letters, and preſide in Taſte?
The Town's deciſions they no more admit,
Themſelves alone the Arbiters of Wit;
And ſcorn the juriſdiction of that Court,
To which they owe their being and ſupport.
Actors, like monks of old, now ſacred grown,
Muſt be attack'd by no fools but their own.

Let the Vain Tyrant ſit amidſt his guards,
His puny *Green-room* Wits and Venal Bards,
Who meanly tremble at the Puppet's frown,
And for a Playhouſe Freedom loſe their own;
In ſpite of new-made Laws, and new-made Kings,
The free-born Muſe with lib'ral ſpirit ſings.

With ſtricteſt juſtice, brand the vil
Now in the milder garb of Ridicul
She ſports, and pleaſes while ſhe w
Her ſhape is often varied; but her
To prop the cauſe of Virtue, ſtill t
In praiſe of Mercy let the guilty ba
When Vice and Folly for Correctic
Silence the mark of weakneſs juſtly
And is partaker of the crimes it ſpar

But if the Muſe, too cruel in her
With harſh reflections wounds the n
If wantonly ſhe deviates from her pl
And quits the Actor to expoſe the M
Aſham'd, ſhe marks that paſſage wit

f curious numbers will not aid afford,
lor choiceſt muſic play in ev'ry word?
'erſes muſt run, to charm a modern ear,
'rom all harſh, rugged interruptions clear.
oft let them breathe, as Zephyr's balmy breeze;
mooth let their current flow, as ſummer ſeas;
'erfect then only deem'd when they diſpenſe
\ happy tuneful vacancy of ſenſe.
tali n fathers thus, with barb'rous rage,
it helpleſs infants for the ſqueaking ſtage;
leaf to the calls of pity, Nature wound,
nd mangle vigour for the ſake of ſound.
enceforth farewell then fev'riſh thirſt of fame;
rewell the longings for a Poet's name;
riſh my Muſe;—a wiſh 'bove all ſevere
o him who ever held the Muſes dear—
e'er her labours weaken to refine
he gen'rous roughneſs of a nervous line.

Others affect the ſtiff and ſwelling phraſe;
heir Muſe muſt walk in ſtilts, and ſtrut in ſtays:
he ſenſe they murder, and the words tranſpoſe,
eſt Poetry approach too near to Proſe.

See tortur'd Reaſon how they pare and trim,
And, like Procruſtes, ſtretch, or lop the limb.

WALLER, whoſe praiſe ſucceeding bards rehearſe,
Parent of harmony in Engliſh verſe,
Whoſe tuneful Muſe in ſweeteſt accents flows,
In couplets firſt taught ſtraggling ſenſe to cloſe.

In poliſh'd numbers, and majeſtic ſound,
Where ſhall thy rival, POPE, be ever found?
But whilſt each line with equal beauty flows,
E'en excellence, unvaried, tedious grows.
Nature, thro' all her works, in great degree,
Borrows a bleſſing from VARIETY.
Muſic itſelf her needful aid requires
To rouze the ſoul, and wake our dying fires.
Still in one key, the Nightingale would teize:
Still in one key, not BRENT would always pleaſe.

Here let me bend, great DRYDEN, at thy ſhrine,
Thou deareſt name to all the tuneful nine.
What if ſome dull Lines in cold order creep,
And with his theme the poet ſeems to ſleep,

Still,

Still, when his ſubject riſes proud to view,
With equal ſtrength the Poet riſes too.
With ſtrong invention, nobleſt vigour fraught,
Thought ſtill ſprings up and riſes out of thought;
Numbers ennobling numbers in their courſe;
In varied ſweetneſs flow, in varied force;
The pow'rs of Genius and of Judgment join,
And the whole Art of Poetry is Thine.

But what are Numbers, what are Bards to me,
Forbid to tread the paths of Poeſy?
" A ſacred Muſe ſhould conſecrate her pen;
" Prieſts muſt not hear nor ſee like other men;
" Far higher themes ſhould her ambition claim;
" Behold where STERNHOLD points the way to Fame."

Whilſt, with miſtaken zeal dull bigots burn,
Let Reaſon for a moment take her turn.
When Coffee-ſages hold diſcourſe with kings,
And blindly walk in Paper Leading-ſtrings,
What if a man delight to paſs his time
In ſpinning Reaſon into harmleſs Rime;
Or ſometimes boldly venture to the Play?
Say, Where's the Crime?—great Man of Prudence, ſay?

No

No two on earth in all things can agree;
All have ſome darling ſingularity;
Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
In Gew-gaws take delight, and ſigh for toys.
Your ſceptres, and your crowns, and ſuch like things,
Are but a better kind of toys for kings.
In things indiff'rent Reaſon bids us chuſe,
Whether the whim's a MONKEY, or a MUSE.

What the grave triflers on this buſy ſcene,
When they make uſe of this word REASON, mean,
I know not; but, according to my plan,
'Tis LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE in the COURT of MAN,
Equally form'd to rule in age or youth,
The Friend of Virtue, and the Guide to Truth.
To HER I bow, whoſe ſacred pow'r I feel;
To HER deciſion make my laſt appeal;
Condemn'd by HER, applauding worlds in vain
Should tempt me to take up the pen again:
By HER abſolv'd, my courſe I'll ſtill purſue:
If REASON's for me, GOD is for me too.

NIGHT.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

ROBERT LLOYD.

NIGHT.

WHEN foes inſult, and *prudent* friends diſpenſe,
In pity's ſtrains, the worſt of inſolence,
Oft with thee, LLOYD, I ſteal an hour from grief,
And in thy ſocial converſe find relief.
The mind, of ſolitude impatient grown,
Loves any ſorrows rather than her own.

Let ſlaves to buſineſs, bodies without ſoul,
Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,
Solemnize nonſenſe in the day's broad g'are,
We NIGHT prefer, which heals or hides our care.

ROGUES juſtified, and by ſucceſs made bold,
Dull fools and coxcombs ſanctified by Gold,

Freely

Freely may baſk in Fortune's partial ray,
And ſpread their feathers op'ning to the day;
But *thread-bare* Merit dares not ſhew the head
'Till vain Proſperity retires to bed.
Misfortunes, like the Owl, avoid the light;
The ſons of CARE are always ſons of NIGHT.

The Wretch bred up in Method's drowſy ſchoo
Whoſe only merit is to err by rule,
Who ne'er through heat of blood was tripping ca
Nor guilty deem'd of one eccentric thought,
Whoſe ſoul directed to no uſe is ſeen,
Unleſs to move the body's dull Machine,
Which, clock-work like, with the ſame equal pac
Still travels on thro' life's inſipid ſpace;
Turns up his eyes to think that there ſhould be
Among God's creatures two ſuch things as *we*.
Then for his night-cap calls, and thanks the pow
Which kindly gave him grace to keep *good hours*.

Good hours—Fine words—but was it ever ſeen
That all Men could agree in what they mean?
FLORIO, who many years a courſe hath run
In downright oppoſition to the ſun,

Ex

Expatiates on *good hours*, their cauſe defends
With as much vigour as our *prudent* friends.
Th' uncertain term no ſettled notion brings,
But ſtill in diff'rent mouths means diff'rent things.
Each takes the phraſe in his own private view,
With PRUDENCE it is ten, with FLORIO two.

Go on, ye fools, who talk for talking ſake,
Without diſtinguiſhing diſtinctions make,
Shine forth in native folly, native pride,
Make yourſelves rules to all the world beſide;
Reaſon, collected in herſelf, diſdains
The ſlaviſh yoke of arbitrary chains,
Steady and true, each circumſtance ſhe weighs,
Nor to bare words inglorious tribute pays.
Men of ſenſe live exempt from vulgar awe,
And Reaſon to herſelf alone is law.
That freedom ſhe enjoys with lib'ral mind,
Which ſhe as freely grants to all mankind.
No idol titled name her rev'rence ſtirs,
No hour ſhe blindly to the reſt prefers;
All are alike, if they're alike employ'd,
And all are good if *virtuouſly* enjoy'd.

Let the ſage DOCTOR (think him one we know)
With ſcraps of ancient learning overflow,
In all the dignity of *wig* declare
The fatal conſequence of midnight air,
How damps and vapours, as it were by ſtealth,
Undermine life, and ſap the walls of health.
For me let GALEN moulder on the ſhelf,
I'll live, and be phyſician to myſelf.
Whilſt ſoul is join'd to body, whether fate
Allot a longer or a ſhorter date;
I'll make them live, as brother ſhould with brother,
And keep them in good humour with each other.

The ſureſt road to health, ſay what they will,
Is never to ſuppoſe we ſhall be ill.
Moſt of thoſe evils we poor mortals know
From doctors and imagination flow.
Hence to old women with your boaſted rules,
Stale traps, and only ſacred now to fools;
As well may ſons of phyſic hope to find
One med'cine, as one hour, for all mankind.

If RUPERT after ten is out of bed
The Fool next morning can't hold up his head,

What reaſon this which *me* to bed muſt call
Whoſe head (thank heaven) never aches at all?
In diff'rent courſes diff'rent tempers run,
He hates the Moon, I ſicken at the Sun.
Wound up at twelve at noon, *his* clock goes right,
Mine better goes, wound up at twelve at night.

Then in Oblivion's grateful cup I drown
The galling ſneer, the ſupercilious frown,
The ſtrange reſerve, the proud affected ſtate
Of upſtart knaves grown rich, and fools grown great.
No more that abject wretch diſturbs my reſt,
Who meanly overlooks a friend diſtreſt.
Purblind to Poverty the Worldling goes,
And ſcarce ſees rags an inch beyond his noſe;
But from a crowd can ſingle out his grace,
And cringe and creep to fools who ſtrut in lace.

Whether thoſe claſſic regions are ſurvey'd
Where we in earlieſt youth together ſtray'd,
Where hand in hand we trod the flow'ry ſhore,
Tho' now thy happier genius runs before,
When we conſpir'd a thankleſs wretch to raiſe,
And taught a *ſtump* to ſhoot with pilfer'd praiſe,

Who once for *Rev'rend* merit famous grown,
Gratefully ſtrove to kick his MAKER down,
Or if more gen'ral arguments engage,
The court or camp, the pulpit, bar or ſtage;
If half-bred ſurgeons, whom men doctors call,
And lawyers, who were never bred at all,
Thoſe mighty letter'd monſters of the earth,
Our pity move, or exerciſe our mirth;
Or if in tittle-tattle, tooth-pick way,
Our rambling thoughts with eaſy freedom ſtray;
A gainer ſtill thy friend himſelf muſt find,
His grief ſuſpended, and improv'd his mind.

Whilſt peaceful ſlumbers bleſs the homely bed,
Where virtue, ſelf-approv'd, reclines her head;
Whilſt vice beneath imagin'd horrors mourns,
And conſcience plants the villain's couch with thorns,
Impatient of reſtraint, the active mind,
No more by ſervile prejudice confin'd,
Leaps from her ſeat, as wak'ned from a trance,
And darts through Nature at a ſingle glance.
Then we our friends, our foes, ourſelves, ſurvey,
And ſee by NIGHT what fools we are by DAY.

Strip

Stript of her gaudy plumes and vain diſguiſe,
ee where ambition mean and loathſome lies;
eflection with relentleſs hand pulls down
he tyrant's bloody wreath and raviſh'd crown.
n vain he tells of battles bravely won,
)f nations conquer'd, and of worlds undone:
riumphs like theſe but ill with manhood ſuit,
nd ſink the conqueror beneath the brute.
ut if, in ſearching round the world, we find
ome gen'rous youth, the friend of all mankind,
Vhoſe anger, like the bolt of JOVE, is ſped
n terrors only at the guilty head,
Vhoſe mercies, like Heaven's dew, refreſhing fall
n gen'ral love and charity to all,
leas'd we behold ſuch worth on any throne,
nd doubly pleas'd we find it on our own.

Through a falſe medium things are ſhewn by day,
)mp, wealth, and titles, judgment lead aſtray.
ow many from appearance borrow ſtate,
/hom NIGHT diſdains to number with the Great!
luſt not we laugh to ſee yon *lordling* proud
auff up vile incenſe from a fawning crowd?

Talking himſelf into a little God,
And ruling empires with a ſingle nod;
Who would not think, to hear him la
That he had int'reſt, and that they ha
Injurious thought! beneath NIGHT's l
When pomp is buried and falſe colours
Plainly we ſee at that impartial hour
Them dupes to pride, and *him* the tool o

God help the man, condemn'd by cru
To court the ſeeming, or the real great.
Much ſorrow ſhall he feel, and ſuffer mo
Than any ſlave who labours at the oar.
By ſlaviſh methods muſt he learn to pleaſ
By ſmooth-tongu'd flatt'ry, that curſt *cou*
Supple to *cri*—

A ſenſe of honour would deſtroy his ſchemes,
And conſcience ne'er muſt ſpeak unleſs in dreams.
When he hath tamely borne for many years
Cold looks, forbidding frowns, contemptuous ſneers,
When he at laſt expects, good eaſy man,
To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,
Some cringing LACQUEY, or rapacious WHORE,
To favours of the great the ſureſt door,
Some CATAMITE, or PIMP, in credit grown,
Who tempts another's wife, or ſells his own,
Steps croſs his hopes, the promis'd boon denies,
And for ſome MINION'S MINION claims the prize.

Foe to reſtraint, unpractis'd in deceit,
Too reſolute, from nature's active heat,
To brook affronts, and tamely paſs them by;
Too proud to flatter, too ſincere to lye,
Too plain to pleaſe, too honeſt to be great;
Give me, kind Heav'n, an humbler, happier ſtate:
Far from the place where men with pride deceive,
Where raſcals promiſe, and where fools believe;
Far from the walk of folly, vice and ſtriſe,
Calm, independent, let me ſteal thro' life,

... riches with untainted
To others let the glitt'ring bawbles
Content ſhall place us far above the

Spectators only on this buſtling ſt
We ſee what vain deſigns mankind
Vice after vice with ardour they purſ
And one old folly brings forth twent
Perplex'd with trifles thro' the vale of
Man ſtrives 'gainſt man, without a ca
Armies embattled meet, and thouſand
For ſome vile ſpot, where fifty canno
Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wron
For the world's empire kings ambitio
What odds?—to us 'tis all the ſelf-ſa
A NUT, a WORLD, a SQUIRREL

Inglorious eaſe, like ours, they greatly ſcorn:
Let care with nobler wreaths their brows adorn.
Gladly they toil beneath the ſtateſman's pains,
Give them but credit for a ſtateſman's brains.
All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit
To rule in politics as well as wit.
The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,
Start up (God bleſs us!) ſtateſmen all at once.

His mighty charge of ſouls the prieſt forgets,
The court-bred lord his promiſes and debts,
Soldiers their fame, miſers forget their pelf,
The rake his miſtreſs, and the fop himſelf;
Whilſt thoughts of higher moment claim their care,
And their wiſe heads the weight of kingdoms bear.

Females themſelves the glorious ardour feel,
And boaſt an equal, or a greater zeal,
From nymph to nymph the ſtate-infection flies,
Swells in her breaſt, and ſparkles in her eyes.
O'erwhelm'd by politics lie malice, pride,
Envy, and twenty other faults beſide.
No more their little flutt'ring hearts confeſs
A paſſion for applauſe, or rage for dreſs;

Nor thinks of ſcandal whilſt ſhe talks of n

The CIT, a COMMON-COUNCIL-MA
Ten thouſand mighty nothings in his face,
By ſituation as by nature great,
With nice preciſion parcels out the ſtate;
Proves and diſproves, affirms, and then de
Objects himſelf, and to himſelf replies;
Wielding aloft the Politician rod,
Makes PITT by turns a devil and a god;
Maintains, e'en to the very teeth of pow'r,
The ſame thing right and wrong in half an
Now all is well, now he ſuſpects a plot,
And plainly proves, WHATEVER IS, IS NO
Fearfully wiſe, he ſhakes his empty head,

Peace to ſuch triflers, be our happier plan
To paſs thro' life as eaſy as we can.
Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
Nor ſtirs my curioſity, nor ſpleen.
Secrets of ſtate no more I wiſh to know
Than ſecret movements of a PUPPET-SHOW;
Let but the puppets move, I've my deſire,
Unſeen the hand which *guides* the MASTER-WIRE.

What is't to us, if taxes riſe or fall,
Thanks to our fortune we pay none at all.
Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament thoſe hardſhips which we cannot feel.
His GRACE, who ſmarts, may bellow if he pleaſe,
But muſt I bellow too, who ſit at eaſe?
By cuſtom ſafe, the poet's numbers flow,
Free as the light and air ſome years ago.
No ſtateſman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours, and exciſe our brains.
Burthens like theſe vile earthly buildings bear,
No tribute's laid on *Caſtles* in the *Air*.

Let then the flames of war deſtructive reign,
And ENGLAND's terrors awe *imperious* SPAIN;

Let

Let ev'ry *venal clan* and *neutral* tribe
Learn to receive conditions, not preſcribe;
Let each new-year call loud for new ſupplies,
And tax on tax with double burthen riſe;
Exempt we ſit, by no rude cares oppreſt,
And, having little, are with little bleſt.
All real ills in dark oblivion lie,
And joys, by fancy form'd, their place ſupply.
NIGHT's laughing hours unheeded ſlip away,
Nor one dull thought foretells approach of DAY.

Thus have we liv'd, and whilſt the fates afford
Plain plenty to ſupply the frugal board,
Whilſt MIRTH, with DECENCY his lovely bride,
And Wine's gay GOD, with TEMP'RANCE by his ſide
Their welcome viſit pay; whilſt HEALTH attends
The narrow circle of our choſen friends,
Whilſt frank GOOD-HUMOUR conſecrates the treat,
And WOMAN makes ſociety complete,
Thus will we live, tho' in our teeth are hurl'd
Thoſe *Hackney Strumpets*, PRUDENCE and the WORLD

PRUDENCE, of old a ſacred term, imply'd
Virtue, with godlike wiſdom for her guide,

But now in gen'ral uſe is known to mean
The ſtalking-horſe of vice, and folly's ſcreen.
The ſenſe perverted we retain the name,
HYPOCRISY and PRUDENCE are the ſame.

A TUTOR once, more read in men than books,
A kind of crafty knowledge in his looks,
Demurely ſly, with high preferment bleſt,
His fav'rite pupil in theſe words addreſs'd:

Would'ſt thou, my ſon, be wiſe and virtuous deem'd,
By all mankind a prodigy eſteem'd?
Be this thy rule; be what men *prudent* call;
PRUDENCE, almighty PRUDENCE, gives thee all.
Keep up appearances, there lies the teſt,
The world will give thee credit for the reſt.
Outward be fair, however foul within;
Sin if thou wilt, but then in ſecret ſin.
This maxim's into common favour grown,
Vice is no longer vice, unleſs 'tis known.
Virtue indeed may barefac'd take the field;
But vice is virtue when 'tis well conceal'd.
Should raging paſſions drive thee to a whore,
Let PRUDENCE lead thee to a *poſtern* door;

Stay

Stay out all night, but take eſpecial care
That PRUDENCE bring thee back to early prayer.
As one with watching and with ſtudy faint,
Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a ſaint.

With joy the youth this uſeful leſſon heard,
And in his mem'ry ſtor'd each precious word,
Succeſsfully purſu'd the plan, and *now*,
" Room for my LORD—VIRTUE ſtand by and bow."

And is this all—is this the worldling's art,
To maſk, but not amend a vicious heart?
Shall lukewarm caution and demeanour grave
For wiſe and good ſtamp ev'ry ſupple knave?
Shall wretches, whom no real virtue warms,
Gild fair their names and ſtates with empty forms,
Whilſt VIRTUE ſeeks in vain the wiſh'd-for prize,
Becauſe, diſdaining ill, ſhe hates diſguiſe;
Becauſe ſhe frankly pours forth all her ſtore,
Seems what ſhe *is*, and ſcorns to paſs for more?
Well—be it ſo—let vile diſſemblers hold
Unenvy'd pow'r, and boaſt their dear-bought gold,
Me neither pow'r ſhall tempt, nor thirſt of pelf,
To flatter others or deny myſelf;

Might

ſight the whole world be plac'd within my ſpan,
would not be *that* THING, *that* PRUDENT MAN.

What, cries Sir PLIANT, would you then oppoſe
ourſelf, alone, againſt an hoſt of foes?
t not conceit, and peeviſh luſt to rail,
ove all ſenſe of intereſt prevail.
hrow off for ſhame this petulance of wit,
wiſe, be modeſt, and for *once* ſubmit:
oo hard the taſk 'gainſt multitudes to fight,
u muſt be wrong, the WORLD is in the right.

What is this WORLD? a term which men have got
o ſignify, not one in ten knows what;
term, which with no more preciſion paſſes
o point out herds of *men* than herds of *aſſes*;
common uſe no more it means we find,
han many fools in ſame opinions join'd.

Can numbers then change nature's ſtated laws?
an numbers make the worſe the better cauſe?
ice muſt be vice, virtue be virtue ſtill,
'ho' thouſands rail at good and practiſe ill.

Wou'dſt

Wouldſt thou defend the Gaul's deſtructive rage
Becauſe vaſt nations on his part engage?
Tho' to ſupport the rebel CÆSAR's cauſe
Tumultuous legions arm againſt the laws,
Tho' Scandal would *our Patriot's* name impeach
And rails at virtues which ſhe cannot reach,
What honeſt man but would with joy ſubmit
To bleed with CATO, and retire with PITT?

Stedfaſt and true to virtue's ſacred laws,
Unmov'd by vulgar cenſure or applauſe,
Let the WORLD talk, my Friend; that WORLD w
Which calls us guilty, cannot make us ſo.
Unaw'd by numbers, follow Nature's plan,
Aſſert the rights, or quit the name of man.
Conſider well, weigh ſtrictly right and wrong;
Reſolve not quick, but once reſolv'd be ſtrong.
In ſpite of Dullneſs, and in ſpite of Wit,
If to thyſelf thou canſt thyſelf acquit,
Rather ſtand up aſſur'd with conſcious pride
Alone, than err with millions on thy ſide.

Frontispiece

Famine

THE

PROPHECY of FAMINE.

A

SCOTS PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN WILKES, Esq.

THE

ɔPHECY of FAMINE.

A

;COTS PASTORAL.

ʼHEN Cupid firſt inſtructs his darts to fly
From the ſly corner of ſome cook-maid's eye,
ripling raw, juſt enter'd in his teens,
es the wound, and wonders what it means;
art, like dripping, melts, and new deſire
a him ſtirs, each time ſhe ſtirs the fire;

His oaten reed to rural ditties fr
To flocks and rocks, to hills an
In ſimpleſt notes, and all unpoliſ
The loves of nymphs, and *eke* th

Clad, as your nymphs were alw
In ruſtic weeds—a cook-maid now
Beneath an aged oak LARDELLA
Green moſs her couch; her canop
From aromatic ſhrubs the *roguiſh* g
Steals *young* perfumes, and wafts the
The youth, turn'd ſwain, and ſkill'd
Faſt by her ſide his am'rous deſcan
Herds lowe, Flocks bleat, Pies chatt
And the full chorus dies

But, when maturer Judgment takes the lead,
Theſe childiſh toys on Reaſon's altar bleed;
Form'd after ſome *great man*, whoſe name breeds awe,
Whoſe ev'ry ſentence Faſhion makes a law,
Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,
And founds his merit on our ſervile fears;
Then we diſcard the workings of the heart,
And nature's baniſh'd by *mechanic* art;
Then, deeply read, our reading muſt be ſhown;
Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown.
Then OSTENTATION marches to our aid,
And *letter'd* PRIDE ſtalks forth in full parade;
Beneath their care behold the work refine,
Pointed each ſentence, poliſh'd ev'ry line:
Trifles are dignified, and taught to wear
The robes of Ancients with a Modern air,
NONSENSE with *Claſſic* ornaments is grac'd,
And paſſes current with the ſtamp of TASTE.

Then the rude THEOCRITE is ranſack'd o'er,
And *courtly* MARO call'd from MINCIO's ſhore;
Sicilian *Muſes* on our mountains roam,
As eaſy and free as if they were at home;

NYMPHS, NAIADS, NEREIDS, DRYADS, SATYRS, FAUN
Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns;
Flow'rs, which once flouriſh'd fair in GREECE and ROM
More fair revive in ENGLAND's meads to bloom;
Skies without cloud exotic ſuns adorn;
And roſes bluſh, but bluſh without a thorn;
Landſcapes unknown to *dowdy* Nature, riſe,
And new creations ſtrike our wond'ring eyes.

For bards, like theſe, who neither ſing nor ſay,
Grave without thought, and without feeling gay,
Whoſe numbers in one even tenor flow,
Attun'd to pleaſure, and *attun'd* to woe,
Who, if plain COMMON-SENSE her viſit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,
As at ſome Ghoſt affrighted, ſtart and ſtare,
And aſk the meaning of her coming there;
For bards like theſe a wreath ſhall MASON bring,
Lin'd with the ſofteſt down of FOLLY's wing;
In LOVE's PAGODA ſhall they ever doze,
And GISBAL kindly rock them to repoſe;
My lord—to letters as to *faith* moſt true—
At once their patron and example too—

Sh

Shall *quaintly* faſhion his love-labour'd dreams,
Sigh with ſad winds, and weep with weeping ſtreams,
Curious in grief, (for real grief, we know,
Is curious to dreſs up the tale of woe)
From the green umbrage of ſome DRUID's ſeat,
Shall his own works in his own way repeat.

Me, whom no muſe of heav'nly birth inſpires,
No judgment tempers when raſh genius fires;
Who boaſt no merit but mere knack of rime,
Short gleams of ſenſe, and ſatire out of time,
Who cannot follow where *trim* fancy leads
By *prattling* ſtreams o'er *flow'r empurpled* meads;
Who often, but without ſucceſs, have pray'd
For *apt* ALLITERATION's *artful aid*;
Who would, but cannot, with a maſter's ſkill,
Coin fine new epithets, *which mean no ill*,
Me, thus uncouth, thus ev'ry way unfit
For *pacing* poeſy, and *ambling* wit,
TASTE with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongſt the loweſt of her favour'd race.

Thou, NATURE, art *my* goddeſs—to thy law
Myſelf I dedicate—*hence* ſlaviſh awe

Which bends to faſhion, and obeys the rules,
Impos'd at firſt, and ſince obſerv'd by fools.
Hence thoſe vile tricks which mar fair NATURE's hue,
And bring the ſober matron forth to view,
With all that artificial tawdry glare,
Which virtue ſcorns, and none but ſtrumpets wear.
Sick of thoſe pomps, thoſe vanities, that waſte
Of toil, which critics now miſtake for *taſte*,
Of falſe refinements ſick, and labour'd eaſe,
Which Art, too thinly veil'd, forbids to pleaſe,
By Nature's charms (inglorious truth!) ſubdu'd,
However plain her dreſs, and 'haviour rude,
To *northern* climes my happier courſe I ſteer,
Climes where the Goddeſs reigns throughout the year,
Where, undiſturb'd by Art's *rebellious* plan,
She rules the *loyal Laird*, and *faithful Clan*.

To that rare ſoil, where virtues cluſt'ring grow,
What mighty bleſſings doth not ENGLAND owe?
What *waggon-loads* of courage, wealth and ſenſe,
Doth each revolving day import from thence?
To us ſhe gives, diſintereſted friend,
Faith without fraud, and STUARTS without end.

Whe

When we proſperity's rich trappings wear,
Come not her gen'rous ſons and take a ſhare?
And if, by ſome diſaſtrous turn of fate,
Change ſhould enſue, and ruin ſeize the ſtate,
Shall we not find, ſafe in that hallow'd ground,
Such refuge as the HOLY MARTYR found?

Nor leſs our debt in SCIENCE, tho' deny'd
By the weak ſlaves of prejudice and pride.
Thence came the RAMSAYS, names of worthy note,
Of whom one paints, as well as t'other wrote;
Thence, HOME, diſbanded from the ſons of pray'r
For loving plays, tho' no *dull* DEAN was there;
Thence iſſued forth, at great MACPHERSON's call,
That *old*, *new*, *Epic Paſtoral*, FINGAL;
Thence, MALLOCH, friend alike of *Church* and *State*,
Of CHRIST and LIBERTY, by grateful Fate
Rais'd to rewards, which, in a *pious* reign,
All *darling Infidels* ſhould ſeek in vain;
Thence ſimple bards, by ſimple prudence taught,
To this *wiſe* town by ſimple patrons brought,
In ſimple manner utter ſimple lays,
And take, with ſimple penſions, ſimple praiſe.

Waft me ſome muſe to TWEED's inſpiring ſtream,
Where all the little loves and graces dream,
Where ſlowly winding the dull waters creep,
And ſeem themſelves to own the power of ſleep,
Where on the ſurface Lead, like feathers, ſwims,
There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,
As once a SYRIAN bath'd in JORDAN's flood,
Waſh off my native ſtains, correct that blood
Which mutinies at call of *Engliſh* pride,
And, deaf to prudence, rolls a *patriot* tide.

From ſolemn thought which overhangs the brow
Of patriot care, when things are—God knows how;
From nice trim points, where HONOUR, ſlave to rule,
In compliment to folly, plays the fool;
From thoſe gay ſcenes, where mirth exalts his pow'r,
And eaſy Humour wings the laughing hour;
From thoſe ſoft better moments, when deſire
Beats high, and all the world of man's on fire,
When mutual ardours of the melting fair
More than repay us for whole years of care,
At *Friendſhip's* ſummons will my WILKES retreat,
And ſee, *once ſeen before*, that *ancient* ſeat,

Tha

That *ancient* ſeat, where majeſty diſplay'd
Her enſigns, *long before the world was made!*

Mean narrow maxims, which enſlave mankind,
Ne'er from its bias warp thy ſettled mind.
Not dup'd by party, nor opinion's ſlave,
Thoſe faculties which bounteous Nature gave,
Thy honeſt ſpirit into practice brings,
Nor courts the ſmile, nor dreads the frown of Kings.
Let *rude licentious* Engliſhmen comply
With tumult's voice, and curſe they know not why;
Unwilling to condemn, thy ſoul diſdains,
To wear vile faction's arbitrary chains,
And ſtrictly weighs, in apprehenſion clear,
Things as they are, and not as they appear.
With thee GOOD HUMOUR tempers lively WIT,
Enthron'd with JUDGMENT, CANDOUR loves to ſit,
And Nature gave thee, open to diſtreſs,
A heart to pity, and a hand to bleſs.

Oft have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot
Of the poor, mean, deſpis'd, inſulted *Scot*,
Who, might calm reaſon credit idle tales,
By rancour forg'd where prejudice prevails,

Or ſtarves at home, or practiſes, thro' fear
Of ſtarving, arts which damn all conſcience here.
When *Scriblers*, to the charge by int'reſt led,
The fierce *North-Briton* foaming at their head,
Pour forth invectives, deaf to candour's call,
And injur'd by one alien, rail at all;
On *Northern Piſgah* when they take their ſtand,
To mark the weakneſs of that *Holy Land*,
With needleſs truths their libels to adorn,
And hang a nation up to public ſcorn,
Thy gen'rous ſoul condemns the frantic rage,
And hates the faithful, but ill-natur'd, page.

The *Scots* are poor, cries ſurly Engliſh pride;
True is the charge, nor by themſelves deny'd.
Are they not then in ſtricteſt reaſon clear,
Who wiſely come to mend their fortunes here?
If by low ſupple arts ſucceſsful grown,
They ſapp'd our vigour to increaſe their own,
If, mean in want, and inſolent in pow'r,
They only fawn'd more ſurely to devour,
Rous'd by ſuch wrongs ſhould REASON take alarm,
And e'en the MUSE for public ſafety arm;

But

But if they own ingenuous virtue's ſway,
And follow where true honour points the way,
If they revere the hand by which they're fed,
And bleſs the donors for their daily bread,
Or by vaſt debts of higher import bound,
Are always humble, always grateful found,
If they, directed by PAUL's holy pen,
Become diſcreetly all things to all men,
That all men may become all things to them,
Envy may hate, but juſtice can't condemn.
"Into our places, ſtates, and beds they creep;"
They've ſenſe to get, what we want ſenſe to keep.

Once, be the hour accurs'd, accurs'd the place,
I ventur'd to blaſpheme the choſen race.
Into thoſe traps, which men, *call'd* PATRIOTS, laid,
By ſpecious arts unwarily betray'd,
Madly I leagu'd againſt that ſacred earth,
Vile parricide! which gave a parent birth.
But ſhall I meanly error's path purſue,
When heavenly TRUTH preſents her friendly clue,
Once plung'd in ill, ſhall I go farther in?
To make the oath, was raſh; to keep it, ſin.

Backward

Backward I tread the paths I trod before,
And calm reflection hates what paſſion ſwore.
Converted, (bleſſed are the ſouls which know
Thoſe pleaſures which from true converſion flow,
Whether to reaſon, who now rules my breaſt,
Or to pure faith, like LYTTLETON and WEST)
Paſt crimes to expiate, be my preſent aim
To raiſe new trophies to the SCOTTISH name,
To make (what can the proudeſt Muſe do more?)
E'en faction's ſons her brighter worth adore,
To make her glories, ſtamp'd with honeſt rimes,
In fulleſt tide roll down to lateſt times.

" Preſumptuous wretch! and ſhall a *Muſe* like thine,
" An *Engliſh Muſe*, the meaneſt of the nine,
" Attempt a theme like this? Can her weak ſtrain
" Expect indulgence from the mighty THANE?
" Should he from toils of government retire,
" And for a moment fan the poet's fire,
" Should he, of ſciences the moral friend,
" Each *curious*, each *important* ſearch ſuſpend,
" Leave *unaſſiſted* HILL of herbs to tell,
" And *all the wonders of a Cockle-ſhell*,

" Having

" Having the Lord's good grace before his eyes,
" Would not *the* HOME ſtep forth, and gain the prize?
" Or if this wreath of honour might adorn
" The humble brows of one in *England* born,
" Preſumptuous ſtill thy daring muſt appear;
" Vain all thy tow'ring hopes, whilſt I am here."

Thus ſpake a *form*, by ſilken ſmile, and tone
Dull and unvaried, for the LAUREAT known,
FOLLY's chief friend, DECORUM's eldeſt ſon,
In ev'ry party found, and yet of none.
This *airy ſubſtance*, this *ſubſtantial ſhade*,
Abaſh'd I heard, and with reſpect obey'd.

From themes too lofty for a bard ſo mean,
Diſcretion beckons to an humbler ſcene,
The reſtleſs fever of ambition laid,
Calm I retire, and ſeek the ſylvan ſhade.
Now be the *Muſe* diſrob'd of all her pride,
Be all the glare of verſe by *Truth* ſupplied,
And if plain nature pours a ſimple ſtrain,
Which BUTE may praiſe, and OSSIAN not diſdain,
OSSIAN, *ſublimeſt*, *ſimpleſt* Bard of all,
Whom *Engliſh Infidels*, MACPHERSON *call*,

Then

Then round my head ſhall honour's enſigns wave,
And penſions mark me for a willing ſlave.

Two boys, whoſe birth beyond all queſtion ſprings
From great and glorious, tho' forgotten, kings,
Shepherds of *Scottiſh* lineage, born and bred
On the ſame bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard nature doom'd on the ſame rocks
To ſpin out life, and ſtarve themſelves and flocks,
Freſh as the morning, which, enrob'd in miſt,
The mountain's top with uſual dullneſs kiſs'd,
JOCKEY and SAWNEY to their labours roſe;
Soon clad I ween, where nature needs no cloaths,
Where, from their youth enur'd to winter-ſkies,
Dreſs and her vain refinements they deſpiſe.

JOCKEY, whoſe manly high-bon'd cheeks to crown
With freckles ſpotted flam'd the golden down,
With mikle art, could on the bagpipes play,
E'en from the riſing to the ſetting day;

SAWNEY

SAWNEY as long without remorſe could bawl
HOME's madrigals, and ditties from FINGAL.
Oft at his ſtrains, all natural tho' rude,
The *Highland Laſs* forgot her want of food,
And, whilſt ſhe *ſcratch'd* her lover into reſt,
Sunk pleas'd, tho' hungry, on her SAWNEY's breaſt.

Far as the eye could reach, no tree was ſeen,
Earth, clad in ruſſet, ſcorn'd the lively green.
The plague of Locuſts they ſecure defy,
For in three hours a graſhopper muſt die.
No living thing, whate'er its food, feaſts there,
But the Cameleon, who can feaſt on air.
No birds, except as birds of paſſage flew,
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo.
No ſtreams as amber ſmooth, as amber clear,
Were ſeen to glide, or heard to warble here.
Rebellion's ſpring, which through the country ran,
Furniſh'd, with bitter draughts, the ſteady clan.
No flow'rs embalm'd the air, but one white roſe,
Which, on the tenth of June, by inſtinct blows,
By inſtinct blows at morn, and, when the ſhades
Of drizly eve prevail, by inſtinct fades.

On

One, and but one poor ſolitary cave,
Too ſparing of her favours, nature gave;
That one alone (hard tax on *Scottiſh* pride!)
Shelter at once for man and beaſt ſupplied.
Their ſnares *without* entangling briers ſpread,
And thiſtles, arm'd againſt th' invader's head,
Stood in cloſe ranks all entrance to oppoſe,
Thiſtles now held more precious than the roſe.
All creatures which, on nature's earlieſt plan,
Were form'd to loath, and to be loath'd by man,
Which ow'd their birth to naſtineſs and ſpite,
Deadly to touch, and hateful to the ſight,
Creatures, which when admitted in the ark,
Their Saviour ſhun'd, and rankled in the dark,
Found place *within*: marking her noiſome road
With poiſon's trail, *here* crawl'd the bloated Toad;
There webs were ſpread of more than common ſize,
And half-ſtarv'd ſpiders prey'd on half-ſtarv'd flies;
In queſt of food, Efts ſtrove in vain to crawl;
Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, ſmear'd the ſlimy wall;
The cave around with hiſſing ſerpents rung;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung;
And FAMINE, *by her children always known,*
As proud as poor, here fix'd her *native* throne.

Here,

Here, for the ſullen ſky was overcaſt,
And ſummer ſhrunk beneath a wint'ry blaſt;
A native blaſt, which, arm'd with hail and rain,
Beat unrelenting on the naked ſwain,
The Boys for ſhelter made; behind, the ſheep,
Of which thoſe ſhepherds every day *take keep*,
Sickly crept on, and with complainings rude,
On nature ſeem'd to call, and bleat for food.

JOCKEY.

Sith to this cave, by tempeſt, we're confin'd,
And within *ken* our flocks, under the wind,
Safe from the pelting of this perilous ſtorm,
Are laid *emong* yon thiſtles, dry and warm,
What, Sawney, if by ſhepherd's art we try,
To mock the rigour of this cruel ſky?
What if we tune ſome merry *roundelay?*
Well doſt thou ſing, nor ill doth Jockey play.

SAWNEY.

Ah, Jockey, ill adviſeſt thou, *I wis*,
To think of ſongs at ſuch a time as this.

Sooner ſhall herbage crown theſe barren rocks,
Sooner ſhall fleeces cloath theſe ragged flocks,
Sooner ſhall want ſeize ſhepherds of the ſouth,
And we forget to live from hand to mouth,
Than Sawney, out of ſeaſon, ſhall impart
The ſongs of gladneſs with an aching heart.

JOCKEY.

Still have I known thee for a ſilly ſwain;
Of things paſt help, what boots it to complain?
Nothing but mirth can conquer fortune's ſpite;
No ſky is heavy, if the heart be light:
Patience is ſorrow's ſalve; what can't be cur'd,
So Donald right *areeds*, muſt be endur'd.

SAWNEY.

Full ſilly ſwain, *I wot*, is JOCKEY now;
How did'ſt thou bear thy MAGGY's falſhood? how
When with a foreign loon ſhe ſtole away,
Did'ſt thou forſwear thy pipe and ſhepherd's lay?
Where was thy boaſted wiſdom then, when I
Applied thoſe proverbs, which you now apply?

JOCK

JOCKEY.

O ſhe was *bonny!* all the Highlands round
as there a rival to my MAGGY found!
ore precious (tho' that precious is to all)
han the rare med'cine, which we Brimſtone call,
r that choice plant, ſo grateful to the noſe,
'hich, in I know not what far country, grows,
'as MAGGY unto me; dear do I rue,
laſs ſo fair ſhould ever prove untrue.

SAWNEY.

Whether with pipe or ſong to charm the ear,
hro' all the land did JAMIE find a peer?
urs'd be that year by ev'ry honeſt Scot,
nd in the ſhepherd's calendar forgot,
hat fatal year, when JAMIE, hapleſs ſwain,
evil hour forſook the peaceful plain.
AMIE, when our young Laird diſcreetly fled,
as ſeiz'd and hang'd till he was dead, dead, dead.

JOCKEY.

Full ſorely may we all lament that day:
For all were loſers in the deadly fray.
Five brothers had I, on the Scottiſh plains,
Well doſt thou know were none more hopeful ſwains;
Five brothers there I loſt, in manhood's pride,
Two in the field, and three on gibbets died;
Ah! ſilly ſwains, to follow war's alarms!
Ah! what hath ſhepherd's life to do with arms!

SAWNEY.

Mention it not—there ſaw I ſtrangers clad,
In all the honours of our raviſh'd *Plaid*,
Saw the FERRARA too, our nation's pride,
Unwilling grace the aukward victor's ſide.
There fell our choiceſt youth, and from that day
Mote never Sawney tune the merry lay;
Bleſs'd thoſe which fell! curs'd thoſe which ſtill ſurvive,
To mourn *fifteen* renew'd in *forty-five*.

Thus

Thus plain'd the Boys, when, from her throne of turf,
With boils emboſs'd, and overgrown with ſcurf,
Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well,
Mix'd at the birth, not abſtinence could quell,
Pale FAMINE rear'd the head; her eager eyes,
Where hunger e'en to madneſs ſeem'd to riſe,
Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
Strain'd to get looſe, and from their orbs to ſtart;
Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-ſunk cell,
Where wretchedneſs and horror lov'd to dwell;
With double rows of uſeleſs teeth ſupplied,
Her mouth, from ear to ear, extended wide,
Which, when for want of food her entrails pin'd,
She op'd, and curſing ſwallow'd nought but wind;
All ſhrivell'd was her ſkin, and here and there,
Taking their way by force, her bones lay bare:
Such filthy ſight to hide from human view,
O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd Plaid ſhe threw.

Ceaſe, cried the Goddeſs, ceaſe, deſpairing ſwains,
And from a parent hear what Jove ordains!

Pent in this barren corner of the iſle,
Where partial fortune never deign'd to ſmile;

Like nature's baſtards, reaping for our ſhare
What was rejected by the lawful heir;
Unknown amongſt the nations of the earth,
Or only known to raiſe contempt and mirth;
Long free, becauſe the race of Roman braves
Thought it not worth their while to make us ſlaves;
Then into bondage by that nation brought,
Whoſe ruin we for ages vainly ſought;
Whom ſtill with unſlack'd hate we view, and ſtill,
The pow'r of miſchief loſt, retain the will;
Conſider'd as the refuſe of mankind,
A maſs till the laſt moment left behind,
Which frugal nature doubted, as it lay,
Whether to ſtamp with life, or throw away;
Which, form'd in haſte, was planted in this nook,
But never enter'd in Creation's book;
Branded as traitors, who for love of gold,
Would ſell their God, as once their King they ſold;
Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
Theſe vile injurious taunts, and bear them ſtill,
But times of happier note are now at hand,
And the full promiſe of a better land:
There, like the *Sons of Iſrael*, having trod,
For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,

A barre

a barren deſart, we ſhall ſeize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns.
With ſome few natives join'd, ſome *pliant* few,
Who worſhip int'reſt, and our track purſue,
There ſhall we, tho' the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor aſk the owners leave.

For us, the earth ſhall bring forth her increaſe;
For us, the flocks ſhall wear a golden fleece;
At Beeves ſhall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown;
For our Advantage ſhall their harveſts grow,
And *Scotſmen* reap, what they diſdain'd to ſow;
For us, the ſun ſhall climb the eaſtern hill;
For us, the rain ſhall fall, the dew diſtil;
When to our wiſhes NATURE cannot riſe,
ART ſhall be taſk'd to grant us freſh ſupplies.
His brawney arm ſhall drudging LABOUR ſtrain,
And for our pleaſure ſuffer daily pain;
TRADE ſhall for us exert her utmoſt pow'rs,
Her's all the toil, and all the profit, our's;
For us, the Oak ſhall from his native ſteep
Deſcend, and fearleſs travel thro' the deep;

The ſail of COMMERCE for our uſe unfurl'd,
Shall waft the treaſures of each diſtant world;
For us, ſublimer heights ſhall ſcience reach,
For us, their Stateſmen plot, their Churchmen preach;
Their nobleſt limbs of counſel we'll diſjoint,
And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint;
Devouring WAR, impriſon'd in the north,
Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,
And when, his chariot wheels with thunder hung,
Fell Diſcord braying with her brazen tongue,
Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
And Deſolation ſtalking in the rear,
Revenge, by Juſtice guided, in his train,
He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,
Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey,
And to meek, gentle, gen'rous Peace give way.

Think not, my ſons, that this ſo bleſs'd eſtate
Stands at a diſtance on the roll of fate;
Already big with hopes of future ſway,
E'en from this cave I ſcent my deſtin'd prey.
Think not, that this dominion o'er a race,
Whoſe former deeds ſhall time's laſt annals grace,

In

In the rough face of peril muſt be ſought,
And with the lives of thouſands dearly bought;
No—fool'd by cunning, by that happy art
Which laughs to ſcorn the blund'ring hero's heart,
Into the ſnare ſhall our kind neighbours fall
With open eyes, and fondly give us all.

When ROME, to prop her ſinking empire, bore
Their choiceſt levies to a foreign ſhore,
What if we ſeiz'd, like a deſtroying flood,
Their widow'd plains, and fill'd the realm with blood,
Gave an unbounded looſe to manly rage,
And, ſcorning mercy, ſpar'd nor ſex nor age;
When, for our intereſt too mighty grown,
Monarchs of warlike bent poſſeſs'd the throne,
What if we ſtrove diviſions to foment,
And ſpread the flames of civil diſcontent,
Aſſiſted thoſe who 'gainſt their king made head,
And gave the traitors refuge when they fled;
When reſtleſs GLORY bad her ſons advance,
And pitch'd her ſtandard in the fields of France,
What if, diſdaining oaths, an empty ſound,
By which our nation never ſhall be bound,

Bravely

And dar'd the Lord's Anointed t
What if we ſtill rever'd the banit
And ſtrove the Royal Vagrants t
With fierce rebellions ſhook th' u
And greatly dar'd, tho' croſs'd b
Theſe facts, which might, where
Awake the very ſtones to bar our
There ſhall be nothing, nor one ti
In the dull region of an Engliſh l
Bleſs'd with that *Faith*, which mc
Firſt they ſhall *Dupes*, next *Saints*

Already is this game of fate beg
Under the ſanction of my Darling
That Son, of nature royal as his
Is deſtin'd to redeem our race f

Shall for our eaſe the raging floods reſtrain,
And ſink the mountain level to the plain.
DISCORD, whom in a cavern under ground
With maſſy fetters their late Patriot bound,
Where her own fleſh the furious Hag might tear,
And vent her curſes to the vacant air,
Where, that ſhe never might be heard of more,
He planted LOYALTY to guard the door,
For better purpoſe ſhall Our Chief releaſe,
Diſguiſe her for a time, and call her PEACE.

Lur'd by that name, fine engine of deceit,
Shall the weak ENGLISH help themſelves to cheat,
To gain our love, with honours ſhall they grace
The old adherents of the STUART race,
Who pointed out, no matter by what name,
TORIES or JACOBITES, are ſtill the ſame;
To both our rage, the temporiſing brood
Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude,
Againſt their Saviour venom'd falſhoods frame,
And brand with calumny their WILLIAM's name;
To win our grace, (rare argument of wit)
To our untainted faith ſhall they commit

(Our

(Our faith which, in extremeſt perils tried,
Diſdain'd, and ſtill diſdains, to change her ſide,)
That ſacred Majeſty they all approve,
Who moſt enjoys, and beſt deſerves their Love.

A N

[redacted]

AN

EPISTLE

TO

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

AN

EPISTLE

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WILLIAM HOGARTH.

AMONGST the ſons of men how few are known
Who dare be juſt to merit not their own!
Superior virtue and ſuperior ſenſe
To knaves and fools will always give offence;
Nay, men of real worth can ſcarcely bear,
So nice is Jealouſy, a rival there.

Be

Be wicked as thou wilt, do all that's baſe,
Proclaim thyſelf the monſter of thy race;
Let Vice and Folly thy black Soul divide,
Be proud with meanneſs, and be mean with pride;
Deaf to the voice of Faith and Honour, fall
From ſide to ſide, yet be of none at all;
Spurn all thoſe charities, thoſe ſacred ties,
Which Nature in her bounty, good as wiſe,
To work our ſafety, and enſure her plan,
Contriv'd to bind, and rivet man to man;
Lift againſt Virtue Pow'rs oppreſſive rod,
Betray thy Country, and deny thy God;
And, in one gen'ral comprehenſive line,
To group, which volumes ſcarcely could define,
Whate'er of Sin and Dullneſs can be ſaid,
Join to a F———'s heart a D———'s head.
Yet may'ſt thou paſs unnotic'd in the throng,
And, free from Envy, ſafely ſneak along.
The rigid Saint, by whom no mercy's ſhewn
To Saints whoſe lives are better than his own,
Shall ſpare thy crimes; and WIT, who never once
Forgave a Brother, ſhall forgive a Dunce.

But ſhould thy ſoul, form'd in ſome luckleſs hour,
le Int'reſt ſcorn, nor madly graſp at Pow'r;
ould Love of Fame, in ev'ry noble mind
brave diſeaſe, with love of Virtue join'd,
ur thee to deeds of pith, where Cour. ge, tried
Reaſon's court, is amply juſtified;
fond of knowledge, and averſe to ſtrife,
ould'ſt Thou prefer the calmer walk of life;
ould'ſt Thou, by pale and ſickly STUDY led,
rſue coy Science to the Fountain head;
rtue thy guide, and Public Good thy end,
ould ev'ry thought to our improvement tend,
) curb the paſſions, to enlarge the mind,
rge the ſick weal, and humanize mankind:
ge in her eye, and Malice in her breaſt,
doubled Horror grinning on her creſt,
rcer each ſnake, and ſharper ev'ry dart,
lick from her cell ſhall madd'ning ENVY ſtart.
ien ſhalt Thou find, but find alas! too late,
w vain is worth! how ſhort is Glory's date!
ien ſhalt Thou find, whilſt Friends with Foes conſpire
) give more proof than virtue would deſire,
ıy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
) crime's ſo great as daring to excel.

Whilſt SATIRE thus, diſdaining mean controul,
Urg'd the free dictates of an honeſt ſoul,
CANDOUR, who, with the charity of *Paul*,
Still thinks the beſt, whene'er ſhe thinks at all,
With the ſweet milk of human kindneſs bleſs'd,
The furious ardour of my zeal repreſs'd.

Can'ſt Thou, with more than uſual warmth, ſhe cry'd,
Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride,
Can'ſt Thou, ſevere by Nature as Thou art,
With all that wond'rous rancour in thy heart,
Delight to torture Truth ten thouſand ways,
To ſpin detraction forth from themes of praiſe,
To make VICE ſit, for purpoſes of ſtrife,
And draw the Hag much larger than the life,
To make the good ſeem bad, the bad ſeem worſe,
And repreſent our Nature as our curſe?

Doth not humanity condemn that zeal
Which tends to aggravate and not to heal?
Doth not diſcretion warn thee of diſgrace,
And danger grinning ſtare thee in the face:
Loud as the Drum, which ſpreading terror round
From emptineſs acquires the pow'r of ſound?

Doth

Doth not the voice of NORTON ſtrike thy ear,
And the pale MANSFIELD chill thy ſoul with fear?
Do'ſt Thou, fond man, believe thyſelf ſecure,
Becauſe Thou'rt honeſt, and becauſe Thou'rt poor?
Do'ſt Thou on Law and Liberty depend?
Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy injur'd friend.
Art Thou beyond the ruffian gripe of Pow'r?
When WILKES, *prejudg'd*, is ſentenc'd to the Tow'r?
Do'ſt Thou by Privilege exemption claim,
When Privilege is little more than name?
Or to Prerogative (that glorious ground
On which State-ſcoundrels oft have ſafety found)
Do'ſt Thou pretend, and there a ſanction find,
Unpuniſh'd, thus to Libel human kind?

When Poverty, the Poet's conſtant crime,
Compell'd thee, all unfit, to trade in rime,
Had not Romantic notions turn'd thy head,
Had'ſt Thou not valued Honour more than bread,
Had Int'reſt, pliant Int'reſt, been thy guide,
And had not Prudence been debauch'd by Pride,
In flatt'ry's ſtream Thou would'ſt have dipp'd thy pen,
Applied to great, and not to honeſt men,

Nor ſhould Conviction have ſeduc'd thy heart
To take the weaker tho' the better part.

What but rank Folly, for thy curſe decreed,
Could into SATIRE's barren path miſlead,
When, open to thy view, before thee lay
Soul-ſoothing PANEGYRIC's flow'ry way?
There might the muſe have ſaunter'd at her eaſe,
And, pleaſing others, learn'd herſelf to pleaſe,
Lords ſhould have liſten'd to the ſugar'd treat,
And *Ladies*, ſimp'ring, own'd it vaſtly ſweet;
Rogues, in thy prudent verſe with virtue grac'd,
Fools, mark'd by thee as prodigies of Taſte,
Muſt have forbid, pouring preferments down,
Such Wit, ſuch Truth as thine to quit the gown.
Thy ſacred Brethren too (for they no leſs
Than Laymen, bring their off'rings to Succeſs)
Had hail'd Thee good if great, and paid the vow
Sincere as that they pay to God, whilſt Thou
In *Lawn* hadſt whiſper'd to a ſleeping croud,
As dull as R——, and half as proud.

PEACE, CANDOUR—wiſely had'ſt thou ſaid, and we
Could Int'reſt in this breaſt one moment dwell,

Coul

ıe, with proſpect of ſucceſs, oppoſe
n reſolves which from Conviction roſe.
truckle to a Fool of State,
e a favour from the man I hate.
/e have others by ſuch means to ſhine;
heir practice, they may laugh at mine.

ı this charge, forgetful of thyſelf,
aſt aſſum'd the maxims of that Elf,
God in wrath for man's diſhonour fram'd,
ɴG in Heav'n, amongſt us PRUDENCE nam'd,
vile PRUDENCE which I leave to thoſe
ıre not be my Friends, can't be my Foes.

[, with cruel and oppreſſive rimes,
and turn'd misfortunes into crimes;
when Virtue gaſping lay and low,
yrant Vice, and added woe to woe;
ıade Modeſty in bluſhes ſpeak,
wn the tear down Beauty's ſacred cheek;
lamn'd then) in thought debas'd my lays,
ıd that Sex which Honour bids me praiſe;
rom vengeance by baſe views betray'd,
s night ſunk injur'd AYLIFF's ſhade;

Had I (which Satiriſts of mighty name,
Renown'd in rime, rever'd for *moral* fame,
Have done before, whom Juſtice ſhall purſue
In future verſe) brought forth to public view
A noble Friend, and made his foibles known,
Becauſe his worth was greater than my own;
Had I ſpar'd thoſe (ſo *Prudence* had decreed)
Whom, God ſo help me at my greateſt need,
I ne'er will ſpare, thoſe vipers to their King,
Who ſmooth their looks, and flatter whilſt they ſting,
Or had I not taught patriot zeal to boaſt
Of Thoſe, who flatter leaſt, but love him moſt;
Had I thus ſinn'd, my ſtubborn ſoul ſhould bend
At CANDOUR's voice, and take, as from a friend,
The deep rebuke; Myſelf ſhould be the firſt
To hate myſelf, and ſtamp my Muſe accurs'd.

But ſhall my arm—forbid it manly Pride,
Forbid it Reaſon, warring on my ſide—
For vengeance lifted high, the ſtroke forbear,
And hang ſuſpended in the deſart air,
Or to my trembling ſide unnerv'd ſink down,
Palſied, forſooth, by CANDOUR's half-made frown?

Wher

Vhen Juſtice bids me on, ſhall I delay
ecauſe inſipid CANDOUR bars my way?
Vhen ſhe, of all alike the puling friend,
Vould diſappoint my Satire's nobleſt end,
Vhen ſhe to villains would a ſanction give,
nd ſhelter thoſe who are not fit to live,
Vhen ſhe would ſcreen the guilty from a bluſh,
nd bids me ſpare whom Reaſon bids me cruſh,
ll leagues with CANDOUR proudly I reſign;
ıe cannot be for Honour's turn, nor mine.

Yet come, cold monitor, half foe, half friend,
Vhom Vice can't fear, whom Virtue can't commend,
ome CANDOUR, by thy dull indiff'rence known,
hou equal-blooded judge, Thou lukewarm drone,
Vho, faſhion'd without feelings, doſt expect,
Ve call that Virtue which we know Defect;
ome, and obſerve the nature of our crimes,
he groſs and rank complexion of the times,
bſerve it well, and then review my plan;
aiſe if you will, or cenſure if you can.

Whilſt Vice preſumptuous lords it as in ſport,
ıd Piety is only known at Court;

Whilſt wretched LIBERTY expiring lies
Beneath the fatal burthen of EXCISE;
Whilſt nobles act, without one touch of ſhame,
What men of humble rank would bluſh to name;
Whilſt Honour's plac'd in higheſt point of view,
Worſhipp'd by thoſe, who Juſtice never knew;
Whilſt Bubbles of Diſtinction waſte in play
The hours of reſt, and blunder thro' the day,
With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
Then turn to ruin empires in their ſleep;
Whilſt Fathers, by relentleſs paſſion led,
Doom worthy injur'd ſons to beg their bread,
Merely with ill-got, ill-ſav'd wealth to grace
An alien, abject, poor, proud, upſtart race;
Whilſt MARTIN flatters only to betray,
And WEBB gives up his dirty ſoul for pay;
Whilſt titles ſerve to huſh a villain's fears;
Whilſt Peers are Agents made, and Agents Peers,
Whilſt baſe betrayers are themſelves betray'd,
And makers ruin'd by the thing they made;
Whilſt C——, falſe to God and man, for gold,
Like the old traitor who a Saviour ſold,
To ſhame his Maſter, Friend, and Father gives;
Whilſt BUTE remains in pow'r, whilſt HOLLAND lives;

Ca

Can Satire want a ſubject, where Diſdain,
By Virtue fir'd, may point her ſharpeſt ſtrain,
Where cloath'd with thunder, Truth may roll along,
And CANDOUR juſtify the rage of ſong?

Such things! ſuch Men before Thee! ſuch an Age!
Where Rancour, great as thine, may glut her rage,
And ſicken e'en to ſurfeit, where the pride
Of Satire, pouring down in fulleſt tide,
May ſpread wide vengeance round, yet all the while
Juſtice behold the ruin with a ſmile;
Whilſt I, thy foe miſdeem'd, cannot condemn,
Nor diſapprove that rage I wiſh to ſtem,
Wilt thou, degen'rate and corrupted, chuſe
To ſoil the credit of thy haughty Muſe?
With Fallacy, moſt infamous, to ſtain
Her Truth, and render all her anger vain?
When I beheld Thee incorrect, but bold,
A various comment on the Stage unfold;
When Play'rs on Play'rs before thy ſatire fell,
And poor Reviews conſpir'd thy wrath to ſwell;
When States and Stateſmen next became thy care,
And only kings were ſafe if thou waſt there;

Thy

Thy ev'ry Word I weigh'd in Judgment's ſcale,
And in thy ev'ry word found Truth prevail,
Why doſt Thou now to Falſhood meanly fly?
Not even CANDOUR can forgive a lye.

Bad as men are, why ſhould thy frantic rimes
Traffick in Slander, and invent new crimes?
Crimes, which exiſting only in thy mind,
Weak Spleen brings forth to blacken all Mankind.
By pleaſing hopes we lure the human heart
To practiſe Virtue, and improve in art;
To thwart theſe ends (which, proud of honeſt Fame,
A noble Muſe would cheriſh and enflame)
Thy *Drudge* contrives, and in our full career
Sicklies our hopes with the pale hue of Fear;
Tells us that all our labours are in vain;
That what we ſeek, we never can obtain;
That, dead to Virtue, loſt to Nature's plan,
ENVY poſſeſſes the whole race of man;
That Worth is criminal, and Danger lies,
Danger extreme, in being good and wiſe.

'Tis a rank falſhood; ſearch the world around,
There cannot be ſo vile a monſter found,

Not

Not one ſo vile, on whom ſuſpicions fall
Of that groſs guilt, which you impute to all.
Approv'd by thoſe who diſobey her laws,
Virtue from Vice itſelf extorts applauſe.
Her very foes bear witneſs to her ſtate;
They will not love her, but they cannot hate.
Hate Virtue for herſelf, with ſpite purſue
Merit for Merit's ſake! might this be true,
I would renounce my Nature with diſdain,
And with the beaſts that periſh graze the plain;
Might this be true, had we ſo far fill'd up
The meaſure of our crimes, and from the cup
Of guilt ſo deeply drank, as not to find,
Thirſting for ſin, one drop, one dreg behind,
Quick ruin muſt involve this flaming ball,
And Providence in Juſtice cruſh us all.
None but the damn'd, and amongſt them the worſt,
Thoſe who for double guilt are doubly curs'd,
Can be ſo loſt; nor can the worſt of all
At once into ſuch deep damnation fall;
By painful ſlow degrees they reach this crime,
Which e'en in Hell muſt be a work of time,

Ceaſe

Ceaſe then thy guilty rage, thou wayward ſon,
With the foul gall of diſcontent o'er-run,
Liſt to my voice—be honeſt, if you can,
Nor ſlander Nature in her fav'rite man.
But if thy ſpirit, reſolute in ill,
Once having err'd, perſiſts in error ſtill,
Go on at large, no longer worth my care,
And freely vent thoſe blaſphemies in air,
Which I would ſtamp as falſe, tho' on the tongue
Of Angels the injurious ſlander hung.

Dup'd by thy vanity (that cunning elf
Who ſnares the Coxcomb to deceive himſelf)
Or blinded by that rage, did'ſt Thou believe
That We too, coolly, would ourſelves deceive?
That We, as ſterling falſhood would admit,
Becauſe 'twas ſeaſon'd with ſome little wit?
When Fiction riſes pleaſing to the eye,
Men will believe, becauſe they love the lye;
But Truth herſelf, if clouded with a frown,
Muſt have ſome ſolemn proof to paſs her down.
Haſt Thou, maintaining that which muſt diſgrace
And bring into contempt the human race,

Haſt

Haſt Thou, or can'ſt Thou, in Truth's ſacred court,
To ſave thy credit, and thy cauſe ſupport,
Produce one proof, make out one real ground
On which ſo great, ſo groſs a charge to found!
Nay, do'ſt Thou know one man (let that appear,
From wilful falſhood I'll proclaim thee clear)
One man ſo loſt, to Nature ſo untrue,
From whom this gen'ral charge thy raſhneſs drew?
On this foundation ſhalt thou ſtand or fall—
Prove that in One, which you have charg'd on All.
Reaſon determines, and it muſt be done;
'Mongſt men, or paſt, or preſent, name me One.

HOGARTH—I take thee, CANDOUR, at thy word,
Accept thy proffer'd terms, and will be heard;
Thee have I heard with virulence declaim,
Nothing retain'd of Candour but the name;
By Thee have I been charg'd in angry ſtrains
With that mean falſhood which my ſoul diſdains—
HOGARTH ſtand forth—Nay hang not thus aloof—
Now, CANDOUR, now Thou ſhalt receive ſuch proof,
Such damning proof, that henceforth Thou ſhalt fear
To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear—

HOGARTH ſtand forth—I dare thee to be tried
In that great Court, where Conſcience muſt preſide;
At that moſt ſolemn bar hold up thy hand;
Think before whom, on what account you ſtand—
Speak, but conſider well—from firſt to laſt
Review thy life, weigh ev'ry action paſt—
Nay, you ſhall have no reaſon to complain—
Take longer time, and view them o'er again—
Can'ſt Thou remember from thy earlieſt youth,
And as thy God muſt judge Thee, ſpeak the truth,
A ſingle inſtance where, *Self* laid aſide,
And Juſtice taking place of fear and pride,
Thou with an equal eye did'ſt GENIUS view,
And give to Merit what was Merit's due?
Genius and Merit are a ſure offence,
And thy ſoul ſickens at the name of Senſe.
Is any one ſo fooliſh to ſucceed,
On ENVY's altar he is doom'd to bleed?
HOGARTH, a guilty pleaſure in his eyes,
The place of Executioner ſupplies.
See how he glotes, enjoys the ſacred feaſt,
And proves himſelf by cruelty a prieſt.

Whilſt the weak Artiſt, to thy whims a ſlave,
Would bury all thoſe pow'rs which Nature gave,
Would ſuffer blank concealment to obſcure
Thoſe rays, thy Jealouſy could not endure;
To feed thy vanity would ruſt unknown,
And to ſecure thy credit blaſt his own,
In HOGARTH he was ſure to find a friend;
He could not fear, and therefore might commend.
But when his Spirit, rous'd by honeſt Shame,
Shook off that Lethargy, and ſoar'd to Fame,
When, with the pride of Man, reſolv'd and ſtrong,
He ſcorn'd thoſe fears which did his Honour wrong,
And, on himſelf determin'd to rely,
Brought forth his labours to the public eye,
No Friend in Thee, could ſuch a Rebel know;
He had deſert, and HOGARTH was his foe.

Souls of a tim'rous caſt, of petty name
In ENVY's court, not yet quite dead to ſhame,
May ſome Remorſe, ſome qualms of Conſcience feel,
And ſuffer Honour to abate their Zeal,
But the Man, truly and compleatly great,
Allows no rule of action but his hate;

Thro'

Thro' ev'ry bar he bravely breaks his way,
Paſſion his Principle, and Parts his prey.
Mediums in Vice and Virtue ſpeak a mind
Within the pale of Temperance confin'd;
The daring Spirit ſcorns her narrow ſchemes,
And, good or bad, is always in extremes.

Man's practice duly weigh'd, thro' ev'ry age
On the ſame plan hath ENVY form'd her rage,
'Gainſt thoſe whom Fortune hath our rivals made
In way of Science, and in way of Trade,
Stung with mean Jealouſy ſhe arms her ſpite,
Firſt works, then views their ruin with delight.
Our HOGARTH here a grand improver ſhines,
And nobly on the gen'ral plan refines;
He like himſelf o'erleaps the ſervile bound;
Worth is his mark, wherever Worth is found.
Should Painters only his vaſt wrath ſuffice?
Genius in ev'ry walk is Lawful Prize.
'Tis a groſs inſult to his o'ergrown ſtate;
His love to merit is to feel his hate.

When WILKES, our Countryman, our common friend,
Aroſe, his King, his Country to defend,

When

When tools of pow'r he bar'd to public view,
And from their holes the ſneaking cowards drew,
When Rancour found it far beyond her reach
To foil his honour, and his truth impeach,
What could induce Thee, at a time and place,
Where manly Foes had bluſh'd to ſhew their face,
To make that effort, which muſt damn thy name,
And ſink Thee deep, deep in thy grave with ſhame?
Did Virtue move Thee! no, 'twas Pride, rank Pride,
And if Thou hadſt not done it, Thou hadſt dy'd.
MALICE (who, diſappointed of her end,
Whether to work the bane of Foe or Friend,
Preys on herſelf, and driven to the Stake,
Gives Virtue that revenge ſhe ſcorns to take)
Had kill'd Thee, tott'ring on life's utmoſt verge,
Had WILKES and LIBERTY eſcap'd thy ſcourge.

When that GREAT CHARTER, which our Fathers bought
With their beſt blood, was into queſtion brought;
When, big with ruin, o'er each Engliſh head
Vile Slav'ry hung ſuſpended by a thread;
When LIBERTY, all trembling and aghaſt,
Fear'd for the future, knowing what was paſt;

When ev'ry breaſt was chill'd with deep deſpair,
Till Reaſon pointed out that PRATT was there;
Lurking, moſt Ruffian-like, behind a ſcreen,
So plac'd all things to ſee, himſelf unſeen,
VIRTUE, with due contempt, ſaw HOGARTH ſtand,
The murd'rous pencil in his palſied hand.
What was the cauſe of Liberty to him,
Or what was Honour? let them ſink or ſwim,
So he may gratify, without controul,
The mean reſentments of his ſelfiſh ſoul.
Let Freedom periſh, if, to Freedom true,
In the ſame ruin WILKES may periſh too.

With all the ſymptoms of aſſur'd decay,
With age and ſickneſs pinch'd, and worn away,
Pale quiv'ring lips, lank cheeks, and fault'ring tongue,
The Spirits out of tune, the Nerves unſtrung,
Thy body ſhrivell'd up, thy dim eyes ſunk
Within their ſockets deep, thy weak hams ſhrunk
The body's weight unable to ſuſtain,
The ſtream of life ſcarce trembling thro' the vein,
More than half-kill'd by honeſt truths, which fell,
Thro' thy own fault, from men who wiſh'd thee well,

Can'ſt

Can'ſt thou, e'en thus, thy thoughts to vengeance give,
And, dead to all things elſe, to Malice live?
Hence, Dotard, to thy cloſet, ſhut thee in,
By deep repentance waſh away thy ſin,
From haunts of men to ſhame and ſorrow fly,
And, on the verge of death, learn how to die.

Vain exhortation! waſh the Ethiop white,
Diſcharge the leopard's ſpots, turn day to night,
Controul the courſe of Nature, bid the deep
Huſh at thy Pygmy voice her waves to ſleep,
Perform things paſſing ſtrange, yet own thy art
Too weak to work a change in ſuch a heart.
That ENVY, which was woven in the frame
At firſt, will to the laſt remain the ſame.
Reaſon may droop, may die, but Envy's rage
Improves by time, and gathers ſtrength from age.
Some, and not few, vain triflers with the pen,
Unread, unpractis'd in the ways of men,
Tell us that ENVY, who with giant ſtride
Stalks thro' the vale of life by Virtue's ſide,
Retreats when ſhe hath drawn her lateſt breath,
And calmly hears her praiſes after death.

To ſuch obſervers HOGARTH gives the lie;
Which may be heard, but Envy cannot die;
Within the manſion of his gloomy breaſt,
A manſion ſuited well to ſuch a gueſt;
Immortal, unimpair'd ſhe rears her head,
And damns alike the living and the dead.

Oft have I known Thee, HOGARTH, weak and vain,
Thyſelf the idol of thy aukward ſtrain,
Thro' the dull meaſure of a ſummer's day,
In phraſe moſt vile, prate long long hours away,
Whilſt Friends with Friends, all gaping ſit, and gaze
To hear a HOGARTH babble HOGARTH's praiſe.
But if athwart thee Interruption came,
And mention'd with reſpect ſome Ancient's name,
Some Ancient's name, who in the days of yore
The crown of Art with greateſt honour wore,
How have I ſeen thy coward cheek turn pale,
And blank confuſion ſeize thy mangled tale?
How hath thy Jealouſy to madneſs grown,
And deem'd his praiſe injurious to thy own?
Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,
And Arts and Artiſts all became thy prey;

Then

Then didſt Thou trample on eſtabliſh'd rules,
And proudly levell'd all the ancient ſchools,
Condemn'd thoſe works, with praiſe thro' ages grac'd,
Which you had never ſeen, or could not taſte.
" But would mankind have true Perfection ſhewn,
" It muſt be found in labours of my own.
" I dare to challenge in one ſingle piece,
" Th' united force of ITALY and GREECE."
Thy eager hand the curtain then undrew,
And brought the boaſted Maſter-piece to view.
Spare thy remarks—ſay not a ſingle word—
The Picture ſeen, why is the Painter heard?
Call not up Shame and Anger in our cheeks;
Without a Comment SIGISMUNDA ſpeaks.

Poor SIGISMUNDA! what a Fate is thine!
DRYDEN, the great High-Prieſt of all the Nine,
Reviv'd thy name, gave what a Muſe could give,
And in his Numbers bad thy Mem'ry live;
Gave thee thoſe ſoft ſenſations, which might move
And warm the coldeſt Anchorite to Love;
Gave thee that Virtue, which could curb deſire,
Refine and Conſecrate Love's headſtrong fire;

Gave thee thoſe griefs, which made the Stoic feel,
And call'd compaſſion forth from hearts of ſteel;
Gave thee that firmneſs, which our Sex may ſhame,
And make Man bow to Woman's juſter claim,
So that our tears, which from Compaſſion flow,
Seem to debaſe thy dignity of woe.
But O, how much unlike! how fall'n! how chang'd!
How much from Nature, and herſelf eſtrang'd!
How totally depriv'd of all the pow'rs
To ſhew her feelings, and awaken ours,
Doth SIGISMUNDA now devoted ſtand,
The helpleſs victim of a Dauber's hand!

But why, *my* HOGARTH, ſuch a progreſs made,
So rare a Pattern for the Sign-poſt trade,
In the full force, and whirlwind of thy pride,
Why was *Heroic* Painting laid aſide?
Why is It not reſum'd? thy Friends at Court,
Men all in place and pow'r, crave thy ſupport;
Be grateful then for once, and, thro' the field
Of Politics, thy *Epic* Pencil wield,
Maintain the cauſe, which they, good lack! avow,
And would maintain too, but they know not how.

Thro'

Thro' ev'ry *Pannel* let thy Virtue tell
How BUTE prevail'd, How PITT and TEMPLE fell!
How ENGLAND's ſons (whom They conſpir'd to bleſs
Againſt our Will, with inſolent ſucceſs)
Approve their fall, and with addreſſes run,
How got, God knows, to hail the SCOTTISH Sun?
Point out our fame in war, when Vengeance, hurl'd
From the ſtrong arm of Juſtice, ſhook the world;
Thine, and thy Country's honour to encreaſe,
Point out the honours of ſucceeding Peace;
Our *Moderation*, Chriſtian-like, diſplay,
Shew, what we got, and what we gave away.
In Colours, dull and heavy as the tale,
Let a *State*-Chaos thro' the whole prevail.

But, of events regardleſs, whilſt the Muſe,
Perhaps with too much heat, her theme purſues;
Whilſt her quick Spirits rouze at FREEDOM's call,
And ev'ry drop of blood is turn'd to gall,
Whilſt a dear Country, and an injur'd Friend,
Urge my ſtrong anger to the bitt'reſt end,
Whilſt honeſt trophies to revenge are rais'd
Let not One real Virtue paſs unprais'd.

Juſtice with equal courſe bids Satire flow,
And loves the Virtue of her greateſt foe.

O! that I here could that rare Virtue mean,
Which ſcorns the rule of Envy, Pride and Spleen,
Which ſprings not from the labour'd Works of Art,
But hath its riſe from Nature in the heart,
Which in itſelf with happineſs is crown'd,
And ſpreads with joy the bleſſing all around!
But truth forbids, and in theſe ſimple lays,
Contented with a diff'rent kind of Praiſe,
Muſt HOGARTH ſtand; that Praiſe which GENIUS gives,
In Which to lateſt time the *Artiſt* lives,
But not the *Man*; which, rightly underſtood,
May make Us great, but cannot make us good,
That Praiſe be HOGARTH's; freely let him wear
The Wreath which GENIUS wove, and planted there.
Foe as I am, ſhould Envy tear it down,
Myſelf would labour to replace the Crown.

In walks of Humour, in that caſt of Style,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us ſmile;
In Comedy, his nat'ral road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,

Where

Where a beginning, middle, and an end
Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their ſoul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole,
Where a plain Story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
HOGARTH unrivall'd ſtands, and ſhall engage
Unrivall'd praiſe to the moſt diſtant age.

How could'ſt Thou then to Shame perverſely run,
And tread that path which Nature bad Thee ſhun?
Why did ambition overleap her rules,
And thy vaſt parts become the Sport of Fools?
By diff'rent methods diff'rent Men excel,
But where is He who can do all things well?
Humour thy Province, for ſome monſtrous crime
Pride ſtruck Thee with the frenzy of *Sublime*.
But, when the work was finiſh'd, could thy mind
So partial be, and to herſelf ſo blind,
What with contempt All view'd, to view with awe,
Nor ſee thoſe faults which ev'ry Blockhead ſaw?
Bluſh, Thou vain Man, and if deſire of Fame,
Founded on real Art, thy thoughts inflame,

To quick deſtruction SIGISMUNDA give,
And let her mem'ry die, that thine may live.

But ſhould fond Candour, for her Mercy ſake,
With pity view, and pardon this miſtake;
Or ſhould Oblivion, to thy wiſh moſt kind,
Wipe off that ſtain, nor leave one trace behind;
Of ARTS *deſpis'd*, of ARTISTS by thy frown
Aw'd from juſt hopes, of *riſing Worth kept down*,
Of all thy meanneſs thro' this mortal race,
Can'ſt Thou the living memory eraſe?
Or ſhall not Vengeance follow to the grave,
And give back juſt that meaſure which You gave?
With ſo much merit, and ſo much ſucceſs,
With ſo much pow'r to curſe, ſo much to bleſs,
Would He have been Man's friend, inſtead of foe,
HOGARTH had been a little God below.
Why then, like ſavage Giants, fam'd of old,
Of whom in Scripture Story we are told,
Doſt Thou in cruelty that ſtrength employ,
Which Nature meant to ſave, not to deſtroy?
Why doſt Thou, all in horrid pomp array'd,
Sit grinning o'er the ruins Thou haſt made?

Moſt

Moſt rank Ill-nature muſt applaud thy art;
But even Candour muſt condemn thy heart.

For Me, who warm and zealous for my Friend,
In ſpite of railing thouſands, will commend,
And, no leſs warm and zealous 'gainſt my foes,
Spite of commending thouſands, will oppoſe,
I dare thy worſt, with ſcorn behold thy rage,
But with an eye of Pity view thy Age;
Thy feeble Age, in which, as in a glaſs,
We ſee how Men to diſſolution paſs.
Thou *wretched Being*, whom, on Reaſon's plan,
So chang'd, ſo loſt, I cannot call a Man,
What could perſuade Thee, at this time of life,
To launch afreſh into the Sea of Strife?
Better for Thee, ſcarce crawling on the earth,
Almoſt as much a child as at thy birth,
To have reſign'd in peace thy parting breath,
And ſunk unnotic'd in the arms of Death.
Why would thy grey, grey hairs reſentment brave,
Thus to go down with ſorrow to the grave?
Now, by my Soul, it makes me bluſh to know
My Spirits could deſcend to ſuch a foe.

Whatever

Whatever cauſe the vengeance might provoke,
It ſeems rank Cowardice to give the ſtroke.

Sure 'tis a curſe which angry Fates impoſe,
To mortify man's arrogance, that thoſe
Who're faſhion'd of ſome better ſort of clay,
Much ſooner than the common herd decay.
What bitter pangs muſt humbled GENIUS feel,
In their laſt hours, to view a SWIFT and STEELE?
How muſt ill-boding horrors fill her breaſt
When She beholds Men, mark'd above the reſt
For qualities moſt dear, plung'd from that height,
And ſunk, deep ſunk, in ſecond Childhood's night?
Are Men, indeed, ſuch things, and are the beſt
More ſubject to this evil, than the reſt,
To drivel out whole years of Ideot Breath,
And ſit the Monuments of living Death?
O, galling circumſtance to human pride!
Abaſing Thought, but not to be denied!
With curious Art the Brain too finely wrought,
Preys on herſelf, and is deſtroy'd by Thought.
Conſtant Attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her pow'rs and leaves a blank behind.

ut let not Youth, to inſolence allied,
heat of blood, in full career of pride,
oſſeſs'd of GENIUS, with unhallow'd rage,
lock the infirmities of rev'rend age.
he greateſt GENIUS to this Fate may bow;
EYNOLDS, in time, may be like HOGARTH now.

THE

[redacted]

THE

GHOST.

IN

FOUR BOOKS.

[redacted]

THE GHOST.

BOOK I.

WITH eager ſearch to dart the ſoul,
Curiouſly vain, from Pole to Pole,
And from the Planets wand'ring ſpheres
T' extort the number of our years,
And whether all thoſe years ſhall flow
Serenely ſmooth, and free from woe,
Or rude Misfortune ſhall deform
Our life, with one continual ſtorm;

Or if the Scene ſhall motley be,
Alternate Joy and Miſery,
Is a deſire, which, more or leſs,
All Men muſt feel, tho' few confeſs.

Hence, ev'ry place and ev'ry age
Affords ſubſiſtence to the Sage,
Who, free from this world and its cares,
Holds an acquaintance with the Stars,
From whom he gains intelligence
Of things to come ſome ages hence,
Which unto friends, at eaſy rates,
He readily communicates.

At its firſt riſe, which all agree on,
This noble Science was CHALDEAN,
That ancient people, as they fed
Their flocks upon the mountain's head,
Gaz'd on the Stars, obſerv'd their motions,
And ſuck'd in Aſtrologic notions,
Which they ſo eagerly purſue,
As folks are apt whate'er is new,
That things below at random rove,
Whilſt they're conſulting things above;

An

And when they now ſo poor were grown,
That they'd no houſes of their own,
They made bold with their friends the Stars,
And prudently made uſe of theirs.

To EGYPT from CHALDEE it travell'd,
And Fate at MEMPHIS was unravell'd,
Th' exotic Science ſoon ſtruck root,
And flouriſh'd into high repute.
Each learned Prieſt, O ſtrange to tell!
Could circles make, and caſt a ſpell;
Could read and write, and taught the Nation
The holy art of Divination.
Nobles themſelves, for at that time
Knowledge in Nobles was no crime,
Could talk as learned as the Prieſt,
And propheſie as much at leaſt.
Hence all the fortune-telling Crew,
Whoſe crafty ſkill marrs Nature's hue,
Who, in vile tatters, with ſmirch'd face,
Run up and down from place to place,
To gratify their friends' deſires,
From BAMPFIELD CAREW, to MOLL SQUIRES,

Are rightly term'd EGYPTIANS all;
Whom we, miſtaking, GYPSIES call.

The GRECIAN Sages borrow'd this,
As they did other Sciences,
From fertile EGYPT, tho' the loan
They had not honeſty to own.
DODONA's Oaks, inſpir'd by JOVE,
A learned and propetic Grove,
Turn'd vegetable Necromancers,
And to all comers gave their anſwers;
At DELPHOS, to APOLLO dear,
All men the voice of Fate might hear;
Each ſubtle Prieſt on three-legg'd ſtool,
To take in wiſe men, play'd the fool.
A Myſtery, ſo made for gain,
E'en now in faſhion muſt remain.
Enthuſiaſts never will let drop
What brings ſuch buſineſs to their ſhop,
And that Great Saint, we WHITEFIELD call,
Keeps up the HUMBUG SPIRITUAL.

Among the ROMANS, not a Bird,
Without a Prophecy, was heard;

Fortune

Fortunes of Empires often hung
On the Magician Magpie's tongue,
And ev'ry Crow was to the State
A ſure interpreter of Fate.
Prophets, embodied in a COLLEGE,
(Time out of mind your ſeat of knowledge,
For Genius never fruit can bear
Unleſs it firſt is planted there,
And ſolid learning never falls
Without the verge of COLLEGE walls)
Infallible accounts would keep
When it was beſt to watch or ſleep,
To eat or drink, to go or ſtay,
And when to fight or run away,
When matters were for action ripe,
By looking at a *double tripe*;
When Emperors would live or die
They in an *Aſs's ſcull* could ſpy;
When Gen'rals would their ſtation keep,
Or turn their backs, *in hearts of ſheep*.
In matters, whether ſmall or great,
In private families or ſtate,
As amongſt us, the holy Seer
Officiouſly would interfere,

With pious arts and rev'rend ſkill
Would bend Lay Bigots to his will,
Would help or injure foes or friends,
Juſt as it ſerv'd his private ends.
Whether, in honeſt way of trade,
Traps for Virginity were laid,
Or if, to make their party great,
Deſigns were form'd againſt the State,
Regardleſs of the Common Weal,
By Int'reſt led, which they call Zeal,
Into the ſcale was always thrown,
The will of Heav'n to back *their own.*

ENGLAND, a happy land we know,
Where Follies naturally grow,
Where without Culture they ariſe,
And tow'r above the common ſize;
ENGLAND, a fortune-telling hoſt,
As num'rous as the Stars, could boaſt,
MATRONS, who toſs the Cup, and ſee
The grounds of Fate in grounds of Tea,
Who vers'd in ev'ry modeſt lore,
Can a loſt Maidenhead reſtore,

Or, if their Pupils rather chuſe it,
Can ſhew the readieſt way to loſe it;
GYPSIES, who ev'ry ill can cure,
Except the ill of being poor,
Who charms 'gainſt Love and Agues ſell,
Who can in hen-rooſt ſet a ſpell,
Prepar'd by arts, to them beſt known,
To catch all feet except their own,
Who as to fortune can unlock it,
As eaſily as pick a pocket;
SCOTCHMEN who, in their Country's right,
Poſſeſs the gift of *ſecond-ſight*,
Who (when their barren heaths they quit,
Sure argument of *prudent* wit,
Which reputation to maintain,
They never venture back again)
By lyes prophetic heap up riches,
And boaſt the luxury of breeches.

Amongſt the reſt, in former years,
CAMPBELL, illuſtrious name, appears,
Great Hero of futurity,
Who *blind* could ev'ry thing *foreſee*,

Who *dumb* could every thing *foretell*,
Who, Fate with equity to ſell,
Always dealt out the will of Heaven,
According to what price was given.

Of SCOTTISH race, in HIGHLANDS born,
Poſſeſs'd with native pride and ſcorn,
He hither came, by cuſtom led,
To curſe the hands which gave him bread.
With want of truth, and want of ſenſe,
Amply made up by impudence,
(A *ſuccedaneum*, which we find,
In common uſe with all mankind)
Careſs'd and favour'd too by thoſe,
Whoſe heart with Patriot feelings glows,
Who FOOLISHLY, where'er diſpers'd,
Still place their native Country firſt;
(For ENGLISHMEN alone have ſenſe,
To give a *ſtranger* preference,
Whilſt modeſt merit of their own,
Is left in poverty to groan)
CAMPBELL foretold, juſt what he wou'd,
And left the Stars to make it good;

On whom he had impreſs'd ſuch awe,
His dictates current paſs'd for Law;
Submiſſive all his Empire own'd;
No Star durſt ſmile, when CAMPBELL frown'd.

This Sage deceas'd, for all muſt die,
And CAMPBELL's no more ſafe than I,
No more than I can guard the heart,
When Death ſhall hurl the fatal dart,
Succeeded, ripe in art and years,
Another fav'rite of the ſpheres,
Another and *Another* came,
Of equal ſkill, and equal fame;
As white each wand, as black each gown,
As long each beard, as wiſe each frown,
In ev'ry thing ſo like, you'd ſwear,
CAMPBELL himſelf was ſitting there.
To *all* the happy Art was known,
To tell *our* fortunes, make *their own*.

Seated in Garret, for you know,
The nearer to the Stars we go,
The greater we eſteem his art,
Fools curious flock'd from ev'ry part.

The

The Rich, the Poor, the Maid, the Married,
And thoſe who could not walk, were carried.

The BUTLER, hanging down his head,
By *Chamber-Maid*, or *Cook-Maid* led,
Enquires, if from his friend the Moon,
He has advice of pilfer'd ſpoon.

The COURT-BRED WOMAN OF CONDITION,
(Who, to approve her diſpoſition
As much ſuperior, as her birth,
To thoſe compos'd of common earth,
With double ſpirit muſt engage
In ev'ry folly of the age)
The *honourable* arts would buy,
To pack the Cards, and cog a Die.

The HERO (who for brawn and face
May claim right honourable place
Amongſt the chiefs of *Butcher-Row*,
Who might ſome thirty years ago,
If we may be allow'd to gueſs
At his employment by his dreſs,

Put med'cines off from cart or ſtage,
The grand TOSCANO of the age,
Or might about the countries go,
HIGH STEWARD of a Puppet-ſhew,
Steward and Stewardſhip moſt meet,
For all know puppets never eat;
Who would be thought, (tho', ſave the mark,
That point is ſomething in the dark)
The man of Honour, one like thoſe
Renown'd in ſtory, who lov'd blows
Better than victuals, and would fight,
Merely for ſport, from morn to night;
Who treads like MAVORS firm, whoſe tongue,
Is with the tripple thunder hung,
Who cries to FEAR—ſtand off—aloof—
And talks as he were cannon-proof,
Would be deem'd ready, when you liſt,
With ſword and piſtol, ſtick and fiſt,
Careleſs of points, balls, bruiſes, knocks,
At once to fence, fire, cudgel, box,
But at the ſame time bears about,
Within himſelf, ſome touch of doubt,
Of *prudent* doubt, which hints—that fame
Is nothing but an empty name;

That

That life is rightly underſtood
By all to be a real good;
That, even in a *Hero*'s heart,
Diſcretion is the better part;
That this ſame HONOUR may be won,
And yet no kind of danger run)
Like DRUGGER comes, that magic pow'rs
May aſcertain his *lucky* hours.
For at ſome hours the fickle dame,
Whom FORTUNE properly we name,
Who ne'er conſiders wrong or right,
When wanted moſt plays leaſt in ſight,
And, like a modern *Court-bred* jilt,
Leaves her chief fav'rites in a tilt.
Some hours there are, when from the heart
Courage into ſome other part,
No matter wherefore, makes retreat,
And fear uſurps the vacant ſeat;
Whence *planet-ſtruck* we often find,
STUARTS and SACKVILLES of mankind.

Farther he'd know (and by his art
A conjurer can that impart)

Whether

Whether politer it is reckon'd
To have or not to have a ſecond,
To drag the friends in, or alone
To make the danger all their own;
Whether repletion is not bad,
And fighters with full ſtomachs mad;
Whether before he ſeeks the plain,
It were not well to breathe a vein;
Whether a gentle ſalivation,
Conſiſtently with reputation,
Might not of precious uſe be found,
Not to prevent indeed a wound,
But to prevent the conſequence
Which oftentimes ariſes thence,
Thoſe fevers, which the patient urge on
To gates of death, by help of ſurgeon;
Whether a wind at eaſt or weſt
Is for green wounds accounted beſt;
Whether (was he to chuſe) his mouth
Should point towards the north or ſouth;
Whether more ſafely he might uſe,
On theſe occaſions, pumps or ſhoes;
Whether it better is to fight,
By *Sun-ſhine*, or by *Candle-light*;

Or

Or (leſt a *candle* ſhould appear
Too mean to ſhine in ſuch a ſphere,
For who would of a candle tell
To light a hero into hell,
And leſt the *Sun* ſhould partial riſe
To dazzle one or t'other's eyes,
Or one or t'other's brains to ſcorch)
Might not *Dame* LUNA hold a torch?

Theſe points with dignity diſcuſs'd,
And gravely fix'd, a taſk which muſt
Require no little time and pains,
To make our hearts friends with our brains,
The *Man of War* would next engage
The kind aſſiſtance of the ſage,
Some previous method to direct,
Which ſhould make theſe of none effect.

Could he not, from the myſtic ſchool
Of art, produce ſome ſacred rule,
By which a knowledge might be got,
Whether men valiant were, or not,
So he that challenges might write
Only to thoſe who would not fight?

Or

Or could he not, ſome way diſpenſe,
By help of which (without offence
To *Honour*, whoſe nice nature's ſuch,
She ſcarce endures the ſlighteſt touch)
When he for want of t'other rule
Miſtakes his man, and, like a fool,
With ſome vain fighting blade gets in,
He fairly may get out again?

Or, ſhould ſome Dæmon lay a ſcheme
To drive him to the laſt extreme,
So that he muſt confeſs his fears,
In mercy to his noſe and ears,
And like a prudent recreant knight,
Rather do any thing than fight,
Could he not ſome expedient buy
To keep his ſhame from public eye?
For well he held, and men review,
Nine in ten hold the maxim too,
That HONOUR's like a *Maiden-head*,
Which if in private brought to bed,
Is none the worſe, but walks the town,
Ne'er loſt, until the loſs be known.

When FATE Preferm
'Fraid of detection, n
With circumſpection
To *Conj'rer*, as he do
Thro' ſome bye Alley,
With the ſame caution
Conſults the *Stars*, and

The CITIZEN, in fr
Who knows no Deity
Worn out, and gaſping
A Med'cine wants to ke
Would know, if THAT
What Coins are current

By *his* directions came about,
And roſe to *Par*, he ſhould ſell out;
Whether he ſafely might, or no,
Replace it in the Funds *below*.

By all addreſs'd, believ'd, and paid,
Many purſu'd the thriving trade,
And, great in reputation grown,
Succeſſive held the MAGIC throne.
Favour'd by ev'ry darling paſſion,
The love of Novelty and Faſhion,
Ambition, Av'rice, Luſt, and Pride,
Riches pour'd in on ev'ry ſide.
But when the *prudent* Laws thought fit
To curb this inſolence of Wit;
When Senates wiſely had Provided,
Decreed, Enacted, and Decided,
That no ſuch vile and upſtart elves
Should have more knowledge than themſelves;
When Fines and Penalties were laid
To ſtop the progreſs of the trade,
And Stars no longer could diſpenſe,
With *honour*, farther influence,

Affrighted SAGES were, perfor
Oblig'd to ſteer ſome other cou
By various ways, theſe *Sons of*
Their Fortunes labour'd to adv
Well knowing, by unerring rul
KNAVES ſtarve not in the *Land*

Some, with high Titles and l
Which wiſe Men borrow when
Without or trouble or expence,
PHYSICIANS inſtantly commenc
And proudly boaſt an equal ſkill
With thoſe who claim the *right*

Others about the Countries ro

Some, the more ſubtle of their race,
(Who felt ſome touch of *Coward* Grace,
Who TYBURN to avoid had wit,
But never fear'd deſerving it)
Came to their *Brother* SMOLLETT's aid,
And carried on the CRITIC trade.

Attach'd to Letters and the Muſe,
Some Verſes wrote, and *ſome* wrote News,
Thoſe each revolving Month are ſeen,
The Heroes of a *Magazine*;
Theſe, ev'ry morning, great appear,
In LEDGER, or in GAZETTEER;
Spreading the falſhoods of the day,
By turns for FADEN and for SAY;
Like SWISS, their force is always laid
On that ſide where they beſt are paid.
Hence mighty PRODIGIES ariſe,
And daily MONSTERS ſtrike our eyes;
Wonders, to propagate the trade,
More ſtrange than ever BAKER made,
Are hawk'd about from ſtreet to ſtreet,
And Fools believe, whilſt Liars eat.

Now armies in the air engage,
To fright a ſuperſtitious age;
Now Comets thro' the Æther range,
In Governments portending change;
Now rivers to the Ocean fly,
So quick they leave their channels dry;
Now monſtrous Whales on LAMBETH ſhore,
Drink the THAMES dry, and thirſt for more;
And ev'ry now and then appears
An IRISH Savage numb'ring years,
More than thoſe happy Sages cou'd,
Who drew their breath before the flood.
Now, to the wonder of all people,
A *Church* is left without a *Steeple*;
A *Steeple* now is left in lurch,
And mourns departure of the *Church*,
Which, borne on wings of mighty wind,
Remov'd a furlong off we find.
Now, wrath on Cattle to diſcharge,
Hail-ſtones as deadly fall, and large
As thoſe which were on EGYPT ſent,
At once their crime and puniſhment,
Or thoſe which, as the Prophet writes,
Fell on the necks of AMORITES,

When

When, ſtruck with wonder and amaze,
The *Sun* ſuſpended, ſtay'd to gaze,
And, from her duty longer kept,
In AJALON his *Siſter* ſlept.

But if ſuch things no more engage
The Taſte of a politer age,
To help them out in time of need
Another TOFTS muſt *Rabbits* breed.
Each pregnant Female trembling hears,
And, overcome with ſpleen and fears,
Conſults her faithful glaſs no more,
But madly bounding o'er the floor,
Feels hairs all o'er her body grow,
By FANCY turn'd into a *Doe*.

Now to promote their private ends,
NATURE her uſual courſe ſuſpends,
And varies from the ſtated plan
Obſerv'd e'er ſince the World began.
Bodies, (which fooliſhly we thought,
By Cuſtom's ſervile maxims taught,
Needed a regular ſupply,
And without nouriſhment muſt die)

With craving appetites, and ſenſe
Of Hunger eaſily diſpenſe,
And, pliant to *their* wond'rous ſkill,
Are taught, like *watches*, to ſtand ſtill
Uninjur'd, for a month or more;
Then go on as they did before.
The Novel takes, the Tale ſucceeds,
Amply ſupplies its author's needs,
And BETTY CANNING is at leaſt,
With GASCOYNE's help, a ſix months feaſt.

Whilſt in contempt of all our pains,
The Tyrant SUPERSTITION reigns
Imperious in the heart of Man,
And warps his thoughts from Nature's plan;
Whilſt fond CREDULITY, who ne'er
The weight of wholeſome doubts could bear,
To Reaſon and Herſelf unjuſt,
Takes all things blindly up on truſt;
Whilſt CURIOSITY, whoſe rage
No Mercy ſhews to Sex or Age,
Muſt be indulg'd at the expence,
Of *Judgment*, *Truth*, and *Common Senſe*;

Impoſtur

Impoſtures cannot but prevail,
And when *old Miracles* grow ſtale,
JUGGLERS will ſtill the art purſue,
And entertain the world with *New*.

For THEM, obedient to their will,
And trembling at their mighty ſkill,
Sad SPIRITS, ſummon'd from the tomb,
Glide glaring ghaſtly thro' the gloom,
In all the uſual Pomp of ſtorms,
In horrid cuſtomary forms,
A Wolf, a Bear, a Horſe, an Ape,
As Fear and Fancy give them ſhape,
Tormented with deſpair and pain,
They roar, they yell, and clank the chain.
FOLLY and GUILT (for GUILT, howe'er
The face of Courage it may wear,
Is ſtill a Coward at the heart)
At fear-created phantoms ſtart.
The PRIEST, that very word implies
That he's both innocent and wiſe,
Yet fears to travel in the dark,
Unleſs eſcorted by his CLERK.

But let not ev'ry Bungler deem
Too lightly of ſo deep a ſcheme:
For reputation of the *Art*,
Each GHOST muſt act a proper part,
Obſerve *Decorum*'s needful grace,
And keep the laws of *Time* and *Place*,
Muſt change, with happy variation,
His manners with his ſituation;
What in the Country might paſs down,
Would be impertinent in Town.
No SPIRIT of *diſcretion* HERE
Can think of breeding awe and fear,
'Twill ſerve the purpoſe more by half
To make the Congregation laugh.
We want no enſigns of ſurprize,
Locks ſtiff with gore, and ſawcer eyes,
Give *us* an entertaining *Sprite*,
Gentle, Familiar, and Polite,
One who appears in ſuch a form
As might an holy Hermit warm,
Or who on former ſchemes refines,
And only talks by ſounds and ſigns,
Who will not to the eye appear,
But pays her viſits to the ear,

And knocks ſo gently, 'twould not fright
A Lady in the darkeſt Night.
Such is *Our* FANNY, whoſe good will,
Which cannot in the Grave lie ſtill,
Brings her on Earth to entertain
Her Friends and Lovers in COCK-LANE.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

THE GHOST.

BOOK II.

A Sacred ſtandard Rule we find
By Poets held time out of mind,
To offer at Apollo's ſhrine,
And call on One, or All the Nine.

This Cuſtom, thro' a *Bigot* zeal,
Which Moderns of *fine Taſte* muſt feel,
For thoſe who wrote in days of yore,
Adopted ſtands like many more,

Tho'

Tho' ev'ry Cauſe, which then conſpir'd
To make it practis'd and admir'd,
Yielding to Time's deſtructive courſe,
For ages paſt hath loſt its force.

With *ancient* Bards, an INVOCATION
Was a true act of Adoration,
Of Worſhip an eſſential part,
And not a formal piece of Art,
Of paultry reading a Parade,
A dull ſolemnity in trade,
A pious Fever, taught to burn
An hour or two, to ſerve a turn.

They talk'd not of CASTALIAN SPRINGS,
By way of ſaying *pretty things*,
As *we* dreſs out our flimſey Rimes;
'Twas the RELIGION of the *Times*,
And they believ'd that *holy* ſtream
With greater force made FANCY teem,
Reckon'd by all a true ſpecific
To make the barren brain prolific:
Thus ROMISH CHURCH (a ſcheme which bears
Not half ſo much excuſe as theirs)

Since

Since Faith *implicitly* hath taught her,
Reveres the force of *Holy Water*.

The PAGAN SYSTEM, whether true
Or falſe, its ſtrength, like *Buildings*, drew
From many parts diſpos'd to bear
In one great Whole, their proper ſhare.
Each GOD of *eminent* degree,
To ſome vaſt *Beam* compar'd might be;
Each GODLING was a *Peg*, or rather
A *Cramp*, to keep the *Beams* together;
And Man as ſafely might pretend
From JOVE the *thunder-bolt* to rend,
As with an impious pride aſpire
To rob APOLLO of his *Lyre*.

With ſettled faith and pious awe,
Eſtabliſh'd by the voice of Law,
Then POETS to the MUSES came,
And from their Altars caught the flame.
GENIUS, with PHOEBUS for his guide,
The MUSE aſcending by his ſide,
With tow'ring pinions dar'd to ſoar,
Where eye could ſcarcely ſtrain before.

But

But why ſhould WE, who cannot feel
Theſe glowings of a *Pagan* zeal,
That wild *enthuſiaſtic* force,
By which, above her common courſe,
NATURE in *Exſtacy* up-borne,
Look'd down on earthly things with ſcorn;
Who have no more regard, 'tis known,
For *their* Religion than *our own*,
And feel not half ſo fierce a flame
At CLIO's as at FISHER's name;
Who know theſe boaſted *ſacred ſtreams*
Were mere romantic idle dreams,
That THAMES has waters clear as thoſe
Which on the top of PINDUS roſe,
And that the FANCY to refine,
Water's not half ſo good as Wine;
Who know, if Profit ſtrikes our eye,
Should we drink HELICON quite dry,
Th' whole fountain would not thither lead
So ſoon as one poor jug from TWEED;
Who, if to raiſe poetic fire,
The Pow'r of *Beauty* we require,
In any public place can view
More than the GRECIANS ever knew;

If *Wit* into the ſcale is thrown,
Can boaſt a LENNOX of our own;
Why ſhould *we* ſervile cuſtoms chuſe,
And court an *antiquated Muſe?*
No matter why—to aſk a *Reaſon*
In PEDANT BIGOTRY is Treaſon.

In the broad, beaten, turnpike-road
Of *hackney'd Panegyric Ode*,
No *Modern Poet* dares to ride
Without APOLLO by his ſide,
Nor in a *Sonnet* take the air,
Unleſs his *Lady Muſe* be there,
SHE, from ſome *Amaranthine* grove,
Where little Loves and Graces rove,
The Laurel to *my Lord* muſt bear,
Or Garlands make for *whores* to wear;
SHE, with ſoft *Elegiac* verſe,
Muſt grace ſome *mighty villain*'s hearſe,
Or for ſome *Infant*, doom'd by Fate
To wallow in a large eſtate,
With Rimes the Cradle muſt adorn,
To tell the World a *Fool* is born.

Since

Since then our CRITIC LORDS expect
No hardy Poet ſhould reject
Eſtabliſh'd maxims, or preſume
To place much better in their room,
By Nature fearful, I ſubmit,
And in this dearth of Senſe and Wit,
With *nothing done*, and *little ſaid*,
(By wild excurſive FANCY led,
Into a ſecond Book thus far,
Like ſome unwary *Traveller*,
Whom varied ſcenes of wood and lawn,
With treacherous delight, have drawn;
Deluded from his purpos'd way,
Whom ev'ry ſtep leads more aſtray;
Who gazing round can no where ſpy,
Or houſe, or friendly cottage nigh,
And reſolution ſeems to lack
To venture forward or go back)
Invoke ſome GODDESS to deſcend,
And help me to my journey's end.
Tho' conſcious ARROW all the while,
Hears the petition with a ſmile,
Before the glaſs her charms unfolds,
And in *herſelf* MY *Muſe* beholds.

TRUTH, GODDESS of celeſtial birth,
But little lov'd, or known on earth,
Whoſe pow'r but ſeldom rules the heart,
Whoſe name, with hypocritic art,
An errant ſtalking horſe is made,
A ſnug pretence to drive a trade,
An inſtrument convenient grown
To plant, more firmly, FALSHOOD's throne,
As Rebels varniſh o'er their cauſe
With ſpecious colouring of Laws,
And *pious* Traitors draw the knife
In the KING's *Name* againſt his *life*;
Whether (from *Cities* far away,
Where *Fraud* and *Falſhood* ſcorn thy ſway)
The faithful Nymph's and Shepherd's pride,
With LOVE and VIRTUE by thy ſide,
Your hours in harmleſs joys are ſpent
Amongſt the Children of CONTENT;
Or, fond of gaiety and ſport,
You tread the round of ENGLAND's COURT,
Howe'er my LORD may frowning go,
And treat the *Stranger* as a *Foe*,
Sure to be found a welcome gueſt
In GEORGE's and in CHARLOTTE's breaſt;

If, in the giddy hours of Youth,
My conſtant ſoul adher'd to TRUTH;
If, from the Time I firſt wrote Man,
I ſtill purſu'd thy ſacred plan,
Tempted by Intereſt in vain
To wear mean Falſhood's golden chain;
If, for a ſeaſon drawn away,
Starting from Virtue's path aſtray,
All low diſguiſe I ſcorn'd to try,
And dar'd to ſin, but not to lye;
Hither, O hither, condeſcend,
ETERNAL TRUTH, thy ſteps to bend,
And favour *Him*, who ev'ry hour
Confeſſes and obeys thy pow'r!

But come not with that eaſy mien,
By which you won the *lively* DEAN,
Nor yet aſſume that Strumpet air,
Which RABELAIS taught Thee firſt to wear,
Nor yet that arch ambiguous face,
Which with CERVANTES gave thee grace,
But come in ſacred veſture clad,
Solemnly dull, and truly ſad!

Far from thy ſeemly Matron train
Be Ideot MIRTH, and LAUGHTER vain!
For WIT and HUMOUR, which pretend
At once to pleaſe us and amend,
They are not for my preſent turn,
Let them remain in *France* with STERNE.

Of Nobleſt *City Parents* born,
Whom Wealth and Dignities adorn,
Who ſtill one conſtant tenor keep,
Not quit awake, nor quite aſleep,
With THEE, let formal DULLNESS come,
And deep ATTENTION, ever dumb,
Who on her lips her fingers lays,
Whilſt every circumſtance ſhe weighs,
Whoſe down-caſt Eye is often found
Bent without motion to the ground,
Or, to ſome outward thing confin'd,
Remits no image to the mind,
No pregnant mark of meaning bears,
But ſtupid without Viſion ſtares;
Thy ſteps let GRAVITY attend,
Wiſdom's and *Truth*'s unerring friend.

For *One* may ſee with half an eye,
That GRAVITY can never lye;
And his arch'd brow, pull'd o'er his eyes,
With ſolemn proof proclaims him *Wiſe*.

Free from all waggeries and ſports,
The produce of luxurious *Courts*,
Where Sloth and Luſt enervate Youth,
Come *Thou*, a down-right *City* TRUTH;
The CITY, which we ever find
A ſober pattern for Mankind,
Where *Man*, in EQUILIBRIO hung,
Is ſeldom Old, and never Young,
And from the Cradle to the Grave,
Not Virtue's friend, nor Vice's ſlave;
As *Dancers* on the *Wire* we ſpy,
Hanging between the Earth and Sky.

She comes—I ſee her from afar
Bending her courſe to *Temple Bar*:
All ſage and ſilent is her train,
Deportment grave, and garments plain,
Such as may ſuit a *Parſon*'s wear,
And fit the Head-piece of a *Mayor*.

By TRUTH inſpir'd, *our* BACON's force
Open'd the way to Learning's ſource;
BOYLE thro' the works of NATURE ran;
And NEWTON, ſomething more than Man,
Div'd into Nature's hidden ſprings,
Laid bare the principles of things,
Above the earth our ſpirits bore,
And gave us Worlds unknown before.
By TRUTH inſpir'd, when *Lauder*'s ſpight
O'er MILTON caſt the Veil of Night,
DOUGLAS aroſe, and thro' the maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Came where the ſubtle Traitor lay,
And dragg'd him trembling to the day;
Whilſt HE (O ſhame to nobleſt parts,
Diſhonour to the Lib'ral Arts,
To traffic in ſo vile a ſcheme!)
Whilſt HE, *our Letter'd* POLYPHEME,
Who had *Confed'rate* forces join'd,
Like a baſe Coward, ſkulk'd behind.
By TRUTH inſpir'd, our *Critics* go
To track FINGAL in *Highland* ſnow,
To form their own and others *Creed*
From *Manuſcripts* they cannot read.

To FANNY's *Ghoſtly Lectures* ru
By TRUTH and FANNY now ii
I feel my glowing boſom fir'd;
Deſire beats high in ev'ry vein
To ſing the SPIRIT of COCK-I
To tell (juſt as the meaſure flow
In halting rime, half verſe, half
With more than mortal arts end
How *She* united force withſtood,
And proudly gave a brave defian
To *Wit* and *Dullneſs* in Alliance

This *APPARITION* (witl
To ancient modes of *Derivation*
This we may properly ſo call,
Although it ne'er appears at all,

Superior to the vulgar mode,
Nobly diſdains that ſervile road,
Which Coward Ghoſts, as it appears,
Have walk'd in full five thouſand years,
And for reſtraint too mighty grown,
Strikes out a method of *her own*.

Others, may meanly ſtart away,
Aw'd by the Herald of the Day,
With faculties too weak to bear
The freſhneſs of the Morning air,
May vaniſh with the melting gloom,
And glide in ſilence to the tomb;
She dares the Sun's moſt piercing light,
And knocks by Day as well as Night.
Others, with mean and partial view,
Their viſits pay to *one* or *two*;
She, great in Reputation grown,
Keeps the beſt Company in Town.
Our active enterpriſing Ghoſt,
As large and ſplendid Routs can boaſt
As thoſe which, rais'd by PRIDE's command,
Block up the paſſage thro' the *Strand*.

Great adepts in the fighting trade,
Who ſerv'd their time on the *Parade*;
She Saints who, true to pleaſure's plan,
Talk about God, and luſt for man;
Wits, who believe nor God, nor Ghoſt,
And Fools, who worſhip ev'ry poſt;
Cowards, whoſe lips with war are hung;
Men truly brave, who hold their tongue;
Courtiers, who laugh they know not why,
And Cits, who for the ſame cauſe cry;
The canting Tabernacle Brother,
(For one Rogue ſtill ſuſpects another)
Ladies, who to a *Spirit* fly,
Rather than with their *Huſbands* lie;
Lords, who as chaſtly paſs their lives
With *other* Women as their *Wives*;
Proud of their intellects and cloaths
Phyſicians, Lawyers, Parſons, Beaux,
And, truant from their deſks and ſhops,
Spruce Temple Clerks, and 'Prentice Fops,
To FANNY come, with the ſame view,
To find her falſe, or find her true.

Hark!

Hark! ſomething creeps about the houſe!
Is IT a *Spirit*, or a *Mouſe?*
HARK! ſomething *ſcratches* round the room!
A *Cat*, a *Rat*, a *ſtubb'd Birch-Broom.*
HARK! on the wainſcot now IT *knocks!*
If Thou'rt a *Ghoſt*, cried ORTHODOX,
With that affected *ſolemn* air
Which HYPOCRITES delight to wear,
And all thoſe *forms of* CONSEQUENCE
Which FOOLS adopt inſtead of *Senſe*,
If Thou'rt a *Ghoſt*, who from the tomb
Stalk'ſt ſadly *ſilent* thro' this gloom,
In breach of NATURE's ſtated laws,
For *good*, or *bad*, or for *no* cauſe,
Give *now* NINE knocks; like PRIESTS of old,
NINE *we* a *ſacred Number* hold.

'Pſha, cried PROFOUND, (a man of parts,
Deep read in all the *curious* Arts,
Who to their hidden ſprings had trac'd
The force of NUMBERS, *rightly plac'd)*
As to the NUMBER, you are right,
As to the *form* miſtaken quite.

What's

What's NINE?—Your ADEPTS all agree,
The VIRTUE lies in *Three times Three.*

He ſaid, no need to ſay it twice,
For THRICE She *knock'd*, and THRICE, and THRICE.

The Crowd, confounded and amaz'd,
In ſilence at each other gaz'd.
From CÆLIA's hand the Snuff-box fell,
TINSEL, who ogled with the Belle,
To pick it up attempts in vain,
He ſtoops, but cannot riſe again.
Immane POMPOSO was not heard
T' import one crabbed foreign word.
Fear ſeizes Heroes, Fools, and Wits,
And PLAUSIBLE his pray'rs forgets.

At length, as People juſt awake,
Into wild diſſonance they break;
All talk'd at once, but not a word
Was underſtood, or plainly heard.
Such is the noiſe of chatt'ring Geeſe,
Slow ſailing on the Summer breeze;

Such

Such is the language DISCORD ſpeaks
In *Welch women* o'er beds of *Leeks*;
Such the confus'd and horrid ſounds
Of *Iriſh* in Potatoe grounds.

But tir'd, for even C———'s tongue
Is not on iron hinges hung,
FEAR and CONFUSION found retreat,
REASON and ORDER take their ſeat.
The fact confirm'd beyond all doubt,
They now would find the cauſes out.
For this a ſacred rule we find
Among the niceſt of Mankind,
Which never might exception brook
From HOBBES e'en down to BOLINGBROKE,
To doubt of facts, however true,
Unleſs they know the cauſes too.

TRIFLE, of whom 'twas hard to tell
When he intended ill or well,
Who, to prevent all farther pother,
Probably meant nor one nor t'other,
Who to be ſilent always loth,
Would ſpeak on either ſide, or both,

Who,

Who, led away by love of Fame,
If any new Idea came,
Whate'er it made for, always ſaid it,
Not with an eye to Truth, but Credit;
For ORATORS *profeſt*, 'tis known,
Talk not for *our* ſake, but their *own*;
Who always ſhew'd his talents beſt
When ſerious things were turn'd to jeſt,
And, under much impertinence,
Poſſeſs'd no common ſhare of ſenſe;
Who could deceive the flying hours,
With chat on Butterflies and Flow'rs;
Could talk of Powder, Patches, Paint,
With the ſame zeal as of a Saint;
Could prove a *Sibil* brighter far,
Than *Venus* or the *Morning Star*;
Whilſt ſomething ſtill ſo gay, ſo new,
The ſmile of approbation drew,
And Females ey'd the charming man,
Whilſt their hearts flutter'd with their Fan;
TRIFLE, who would by no means miſs
An opportunity like this,
Proceeding on his uſual plan,
Smil'd, ſtrok'd his chin, and thus began.

With

With *Sheers*, or *Sciſſers*, *Sword*, or *Knife*,
When the Fates cut the thread of life,
(For if we to the Grave are ſent,
No matter with what *inſtrument*)
The *Body* in ſome lonely ſpot,
On dung-hill vile, is laid to rot,
Or ſleeps among more *holy* dead,
With Pray'rs *irreverently* read;
The Soul is ſent, where Fate ordains,
To reap rewards, to ſuffer pains.

The VIRTUOUS to thoſe manſions go,
Where Pleaſures unembitter'd flow,
Where, *leading up* a jocund band,
VIGOUR and YOUTH *dance* hand in hand,
Whilſt ZEPHYR, with *harmonious* gales,
PIPES ſofteſt *Muſic* thro' the vales,
And SPRING and FLORA, gaily crown'd,
With *Velvet Carpets* ſpread the ground;
With *livelier bluſh* where Roſes bloom,
And ev'ry ſhrub *expires perfume*,
Where *chryſtal* ſtreams *mæandring glide*,
Where *warbling* flows the *amber tide*,

Where

Where other *Suns* dart brighter beams,
And LIGHT thro' *purer æther* ſtreams.

Far other ſeats, far diff'rent ſtate
The Sons of Wickedneſs await.
JUSTICE (not that *old Hag* I mean,
Who's nightly in the *Garden* ſeen,
Who lets no ſpark of *Mercy* riſe
For Crimes, *by which men loſe their eyes*;
Nor HER who, with an equal hand,
Weighs *Tea* and *Sugar* in the STRAND;
Nor HER who, by the World deem'd *wiſe*,
Deaf to the Widow's piercing cries,
Steel'd 'gainſt the ſtarving Orphan's tears,
On *Pawns* her baſe *Tribunal* rears;
But HER who, after Death preſides,
Whom ſacred TRUTH unerring guides,
Who, free from partial influence,
Nor ſinks, nor raiſes *Evidence*,
Before whom nothing's in the dark,
Who takes no *Bribe*, and keeps no *Clerk*).
JUSTICE with equal ſcale below,
In due proportion weighs out woe,

And

And always with ſuch lucky aim
Knows puniſhments ſo fit to frame,
That ſhe augments their grief and pain,
Leaving no reaſon to complain.

OLD MAIDS and RAKES are join'd together,
Coquettes and *Prudes*, like *April* weather.
Wit's forc'd to *Chum* with *Common Senſe*,
And *Luſt* is yok'd to *Impotence*.
PROFESSORS (*Juſtice* ſo decreed)
Unpaid muſt conſtant *Lectures* read;
On Earth it often doth befal,
They're *paid*, and *never read at all*.
Parſons muſt practiſe what they teach,
And *B——ps* are compell'd to preach.

She, who on earth was nice and prim,
Of dilicacy full, and whim,
Whoſe tender nature could not bear
The rudeneſs of the churliſh air,
Is doom'd to mortify her pride,
The change of weather to abide,
And ſells, whilſt tears with liquor mix,
Burnt Brandy on the Shore of STYX.

AVARO,

So lively All, ſo gay, ſo briſk,
In air They *flutter*, *float*, and *friſk*.

The BELLE (what mortal doth not know,
BELLES after death admire a BEAU?)
With happy grace renews her art,
To trap the Coxcomb's wand'ring heart.
And after death, as whilſt they live,
A heart is *all* which BEAUX can give.

In ſome ſtill, ſolemn, ſacred ſhade,
Behold a group of AUTHORS laid,
News-paper WITS, and SONNETEERS,
Gentlemen BARDS, and *Riming* PEERS,
BIOGRAPHERS, whoſe wond'rous worth,
Is ſcarce remember'd now on earth,
Whom FIELDING's *humour* led aſtray,
And *plaintive* FOPS, debauch'd by GRAY,
All ſit together in a ring,
And laugh and prattle, write and ſing.

On his *own* works, with *laurel* crown'd,
Neatly and *elegantly bound*,

(For this is *one* of many rules
With *writing Lords* and *laureat Fools*,
And which for ever muſt ſucceed
With *other Lords* who cannot *read*,
However deſtitute of wit,
To make their works for BOOK-CASE fit)
Acknowleg'd Maſter of thoſe ſeats,
CIBBER his *Birth-Day Odes* repeats.

With Triumph *now* poſſeſs that ſeat,
With Triumph *now* thy Odes repeat,
Unrivall'd Vigils proudly keep,
Whilſt ev'ry hearer's lull'd to ſleep;
But know, *Illuſtrious* BARD, when *Fate*,
Which ſtill purſues thy name with hate,
The *Regal Laurel* blaſts, which now
Blooms on the placid WHITEHEAD's brow,
Low muſt deſcend thy Pride and Fame,
And CIBBER's be the ſecond Name.

Here TRIFLE cough'd (for *Coughing* ſtill
Bears witneſs of the *Speaker*'s ſkill,
A neceſſary piece of art,
Of *Rhet'ric* an eſſential part,

And *Adepts* in the Speaking trade
Keep a *Cough* by them *ready made*,
Which they ſucceſsfully diſpenſe
When at a loſs for *words* or *ſenſe)*
Here TRIFLE cough'd, here paus'd—but while
He ſtrove to recollect his *ſmile*,
That happy engine of his art,
Which triumph'd o'er the female heart,
CREDULITY, the Child of FOLLY,
Begot on *Cloyſter'd* MELANCHOLY,
Who heard, with grief, the florid Fool
Turn ſacred things to ridicule,
And ſaw him, led by WHIM away,
Still farther from the ſubject ſtray,
Juſt in the happy nick, aloud,
In ſhape of M—R, addreſs'd the Crowd.

Were we with Patience here to ſit,
Dupes to th' impertinence of Wit,
Till TRIFLE his harangue ſhould end,
A *Greenland* Night we might attend,
Whilſt HE, with fluency of ſpeech,
Would various *mighty nothings* teach,

(Here

(Here TRIFLE, ſternly looking down,
Gravely endeavour'd at a Frown,
But Nature unawares ſtept in,
And, mocking, turn'd it to a Grin)
And when, in FANCY's Chariot hurl'd,
We had been carried round the world,
Involv'd in error ſtill and doubt,
He'd leave us where we firſt ſet out.
Thus *Soldiers* (in whoſe exerciſe
Material uſe with Grandeur vies)
Liſt up their legs with mighty pain,
Only to ſet them down again.

Believe ye not (yes, all I ſee
In ſound belief concur with me)
That PROVIDENCE, for worthy ends,
To us unknown, *this* SPIRIT ſends!
Tho' ſpeechleſs lay the trembling tongue,
Your *Faith* was on your features hung,
Your *Faith* I in your eyes could ſee,
When *all* were pale and ſtar'd like *me*.
But ſcruples to prevent, and root
Out ev'ry ſhadow of diſpute,

POMPOSO, PLAUSIBLE, and I,
With FANNY, have agreed to try
A deep concerted ſcheme—This night,
To fix, or to deſtroy HER quite.
If it be *True*, before we've done,
We'll make it glaring as the Sun;
If it be *falſe*, admit no doubt,
Ere Morning's dawn we'll find it out.
Into the vaulted womb of Death,
Where FANNY now, depriv'd of breath,
Lies feſt'ring, whilſt her troubled *Sprite*
Adds horror to the gloom of night,
Will *We* deſcend, and bring from thence,
Proofs of ſuch force to Common Senſe,
Vain *Triflers* ſhall no more deceive,
And ATHEISTS tremble and believe.

He ſaid, and ceas'd; the Chamber rung
With due applauſe from ev'ry tongue.
The mingled ſound (now let me ſee,
Something by way of *Simile*)
Was it more like *Strymonian Cranes*,
Or *Winds*, *low murm'ring*, *when it rains*,

Or

Or *drowſey hum of cluſt'ring Bees*,
Or the *hoarſe roar of angry ſeas?*
Or (ſtill to heighten and explain,
For elſe our *Simile* is vain)
Shall we declare it, like *all four*,
A *Scream*, a *Murmer*, *Hum*, and *Roar?*

Let FANCY now in awful ſtate
Preſent this *great* TRIUMVIRATE,
(A method which receiv'd we find
In *other* caſes by mankind)
Elected with a joint conſent,
All *Fools* in Town to *repreſent*.

The Clock ſtrikes Twelve—M—E ſtarts and ſwears.
In *Oaths* we know, as well as *Pray'rs*,
RELIGION lies, and a *Church* Brother
May uſe at will or one or t'other,
PLAUSIBLE from his Caſſock drew
A holy Manual, ſeeming new;
A Book it was of *private Pray'r*,
But not a pin the worſe for wear,
For, as we by the bye may ſay,
None but *ſmall* Saints in private pray.

RELIGION, faireſt Maid on earth,
As meek as good, who drew her birth
From that bleſt union, when in heaven
PLEASURE was Bride to VIRTUE given;
RELIGION, ever pleas'd to pray,
Poſſeſs'd the precious gift one day;
HYPOCRISY, of CUNNING born,
Crept in and ſtole it ere the morn.
WH—TE—D, that greateſt of all Saints,
Who always prays, and never faints,
Whom SHE to her *own Brothers* bore,
RAPINE and LUST, on SEVERN's ſhore,
Receiv'd it from the *ſquinting* Dame;
From *Him* to PLAUSIBLE it came,
Who, with unuſual care oppreſt,
Now trembling, pull'd it from his breaſt.
Doubts in his boding heart ariſe,
And fancied Spectres blaſt his eyes.
DEVOTION ſprings from abject *fear*,
And ſtamps his Pray'rs for *once* ſincere.

POMPOSO (inſolent and loud,
Vain idol of a *ſcribbling* crowd,

Whoſe

Whoſe very name inſpires an awe,
Whoſe ev'ry word is Senſe and Law,
For what his Greatneſs hath decreed,
Like Laws of PERSIA and of MEDE,
Sacred thro' all the realm of *Wit*,
Muſt never of Repeal admit;
Who, curſing flatt'ry, is the tool
Of ev'ry fawning, flatt'ring fool;
Who wit with jealous eye ſurveys,
And ſickens at another's praiſe;
Who, proudly ſeiz'd of *Learning*'s throne,
Now damns all Learning but his own;
Who ſcorns thoſe common wares to trade in,
Reas'ning, *Convincing*, and *Perſuading*,
But makes each Sentence current paſs
With *Puppy*, *Coxcomb*, *Scoundrel*, *Aſs*;
For 'tis with him a certain rule,
The Folly's prov'd when he calls Fool;
Who, to increaſe his native ſtrength,
Draws words ſix ſyllables in length,
With which, aſſiſted with a frown
By way of Club, he knocks us down;
Who 'bove the Vulgar dares to riſe,
And Senſe of *Decency* defies;

For

For this ſame *Dummy* is made
Only for Bunglers in the trade,
And, like the *Cabinet* Laws, is ſtill
Broke thro' by *Great ones* when they will)—
POMPOSO, with *ſtrong ſenſe* ſupplied,
Supported, and confirm'd by *Pride*,
His Comrades' terrors to beguile,
Grinn'd horribly a ghaſtly ſmile:
Features ſo horrid, were it light,
Would put the Devil himſelf to flight.

Such were the *Three* in Name and Words,
Whom ZEAL and JUDGMENT ſingled forth
To try the *Sprite* on REASON's plan,
Whether it was of *God* or *Man*.

Dark was the Night, it was that Hour
When TERROR reigns in fulleſt Pow'r,
When, as the Learn'd of old have ſaid,
The yawning Grave gives up her dead,
When MURDER, RAPINE by her ſide,
Stalks o'er the earth with *Giant* ſtride;
Our QUIXOTES (for that *Knight* of old
Was not in Truth by half ſo *bold*,

Tho'

Tho' REASON at the ſame time cries,
Our QUIXOTES are not half ſo wiſe,
Since they, with other follies, boaſt
An Expedition 'gainſt a *Ghoſt*)
Thro' the dull deep ſurrounding gloom,
In cloſe array, tow'rds FANNY's tomb
Adventur'd forth—CAUTION before,
With heedful ſtep, the *lanthorn* bore,
Pointing at Graves; and in the Rear,
Trembling, and *talking loud*, went FEAR.
The Church-yard teem'd—th' unfettled ground,
As in an Ague, ſhook around;
While in ſome *dreary vault* confin'd,
Or riding on the *hollow Wind*,
HORROR, which turns the heart to ſtone,
In dreadful ſounds was heard to groan.
All ſtaring, wild, and out of breath,
At length they reach the place of death.

A VAULT *it* was, long time apply'd
To hold the laſt remains of *Pride*:
No *Beggar* there, of humble race,
And humble fortunes, finds a place;

To

To reſt in *Pomp* as well as *Eaſe*
The only way's to pay the *Fees*.
FOOLS, ROGUES, and WHORES, if *Rich* and *Great*,
Proud e'en in death, HERE *rot* in *State*.
No Thieves diſrobe the *well-dreſt* Dead,
No Plumbers ſteal the *ſacred* lead,
Quiet and ſafe the Bodies lie,
No SEXTONS *ſell*, no SURGEONS *buy*.

Thrice each the pond'rous key apply'd,
And *thrice* to turn it vainly try'd,
Till taught by *Prudence* to unite,
And ſtraining with collected might,
The ſtubborn wards reſiſt no more,
But open flies the *growling* door.

Three paces back they fell amaz'd,
Like *Statues* ſtood, like *Madmen* gaz'd;
The frighted blood forſakes the face,
And ſeeks the heart with quicker pace;
The throbbing heart its fears declares,
And upright ſtand the briſtled hairs;
The head in wild diſtraction ſwims;
Cold ſweats bedew the trembling limbs;

NATURE,

NATURE, whilſt Fears her boſom chill,
Suſpends her Pow'rs, and LIFE ſtands ſtill.

Thus had they ſtood till *now*, but SHAME
(An uſeful, tho' neglected Dame,
By Heav'n deſign'd the Friend of Man,
Tho' we degrade Her all we can,
And ſtrive, as our firſt proof of Wit,
Her Name and Nature to forget)
Came to their aid in happy hour,
And with a wand of mighty pow'r
Struck on their hearts; vain *Fears* ſubſide,
And baffled, leave the field to PRIDE.

Shall THEY, (forbid it *Fame*) ſhall THEY
The dictates of vile Fear obey?
Shall They, the *Idols* of the Town,
To *Bugbears Fancy form'd* bow down?
Shall they, who greateſt zeal expreſt,
And undertook for all the reſt,
Whoſe matchleſs Courage all admire,
Inglorious from the taſk retire?
How would the *Wicked Ones* rejoice,
And *Infidels* exalt their voice,

If

If M—E and PLAUSIBLE were found,
By *ſhadows* aw'd, to quit their ground?
How would *Fools* laugh, ſhould it appear
POMPOSO was the ſlave of Fear?
"Periſh the thought! tho' to our eyes
"In all its terrors *Hell* ſhould riſe,
"Tho' thouſand Ghoſts, in dread array,
"With glaring eye-balls, croſs our way,
"Tho' CAUTION, trembling, ſtands aloof,
"Still we will on, and dare the proof."
They ſaid; and without farther halt,
Dauntleſs march'd onward to the VAULT.

What mortal men, who e'er drew breath,
Shall break into the Houſe of DEATH,
With foot *unhallow'd*, and from thence
The Myſt'ries of that ſtate diſpenſe,
Unleſs they, with due rites, prepare
Their weaker ſenſe ſuch ſights to bear,
And gain permiſſion from the *State*,
On Earth their journal to relate?
POETS themſelves, without a crime,
Cannot attempt it e'en in *Rime*,

But

But always, on ſuch grand occaſion,
Prepare a *ſolemn Invocation*,
A *Poſy* for grim PLUTO weave,
And in ſmooth numbers aſk his leave.
But why this Caution? why prepare
Rites, needleſs now? for *thrice* in air
The SPIRIT of the NIGHT hath *ſneez'd*,
And *thrice* hath clap'd his wings well-pleas'd.

DESCEND then TRUTH, and guard thy ſide,
My *Muſe*, my *Patroneſs*, and *Guide!*
Let Others at Invention aim,
And ſeek by falſities for fame;
Our Story wants not, at this time,
Flounces and *Furbelows* in Rime:
Relate plain facts; be brief and bold;
And let the POETS, fam'd of *old*,
Seek, whilſt our artleſs tale we tell,
In vain to find a PARALLEL:
SILENT ALL THREE WENT IN, ABOUT
ALL THREE TURN'D SILENT, and CAME OUT.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK;
AND
THE FIRST VOLUME.

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